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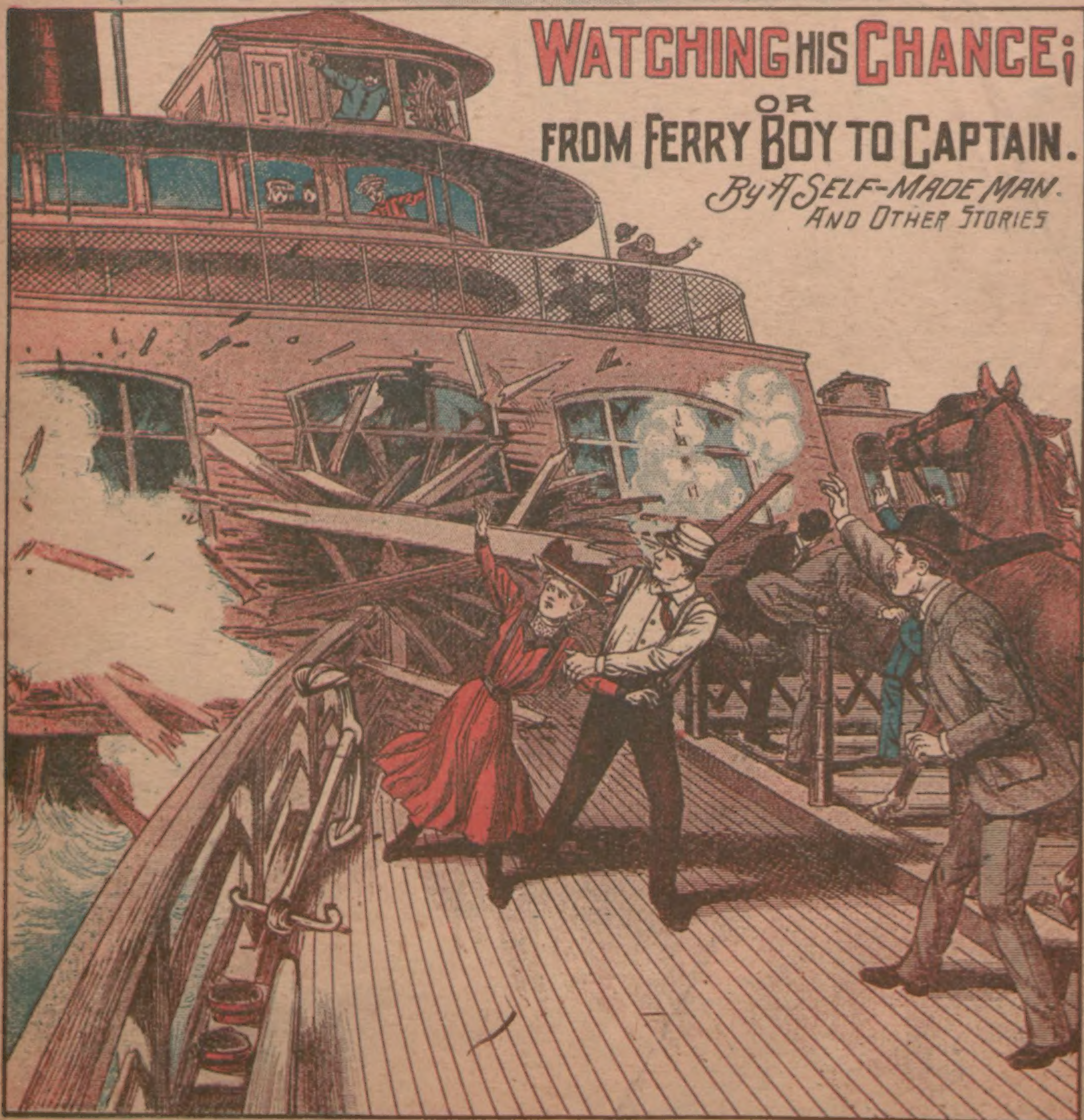
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# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

*Read* STORIES OF  
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

WATCHING HIS CHANCE;  
OR  
FROM FERRY BOY TO CAPTAIN.

*By A SELF-MADE MAN.  
AND OTHER STORIES*



When the boats came together with a crash, Fanny uttered a shriek and started to run. A falling plank would have crushed her to the deck only for Joe, who, seeing her peril, sprang forward and dragged her out of danger.







# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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# WATCHING HIS CHANCE

—OR—

## FROM FERRY BOY TO CAPTAIN

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCES THE HERO AND OTHERS.

The Greenpoint factory whistles were shrilly announcing the hour of six on a dull, threatening spring afternoon when the ferryboat from Twenty-third street came into her slip at the foot of Greenpoint avenue.

As the passengers streamed out of the entrance of the ferry-house, a sturdy, bright-eyed newsboy, known to his associates as Joe Judson, with his arm full of New York evening papers, circulated among them, calling out in clear, ringing tones the names of the various journals.

About the same time another newsboy, with a broad, sal-low, face, low forehead and small, deep-set, ferret eyes, who had been playing craps with several boon companions in a nearby alley, came running into the crowd, crying his papers.

His name was Pete McGinniss, and his reputation was pretty rocky.

The roundsmen of the neighborhood all had their eyes on him, and it wouldn't have required much of an excuse for them to run him into the nearest station-house.

Pete, however, was a mighty foxy youth, and seemed to have eyes all over his head, for the cops could never catch him napping.

He was as fleet on his feet as a hare, and knew all the ins and outs of his stamping-grounds better even than the police, who had chased him a hundred times for one reason or another, but couldn't catch him.

They never interfered with him when he was engaged in his avocation of selling papers, as they had no serious charge to bring against him.

Pete had a fashion of wearing his black, greasy hair cut short behind, but long enough in front for him to brush straight forward over his ears.

He wore a sporty-looking vest over his dirty, ragged shirt, which was collarless, and a faded Prince Albert coat, a couple of sizes too large for him.

His trousers ended half way to the knee, while he wore no shoes or stockings, seeming to regard such adjuncts to his attire as quite superfluous.

As Joe Judson ran up to sell a paper to a man who had signaled him, Pete McGinniss butted in ahead of him with the words:

"Here yer are, sir. What paper d'ye want?"

"This is my sale, McGinniss," objected Joe, crowding in, for he was a plucky, go-ahead boy, who allowed no one to get the better of him if he could help it.

His personal appearance in every way being so much superior than Pete's, customers preferred to deal with him, and this advantage had inspired the enmity of the tough youth.

"Get out of me way or I'll bust yer in de snoot!" glowered McGinniss, trying to elbow Joe aside and at the same time endeavoring to force a paper on the man.

The customer, disgusted by his jostling tactics, as well as his dirty appearance, pushed him back and bought a paper of Judson.

The penny slipped out of Joe's hand and rolled on the street.

Pete made a dive for it, got it and darted away.

Joe cut after him hot-foot, and they dashed in and out among the crowd.

McGinniss would have gotten away, only he ran against a fat man, and the gentleman, giving him a heavy cuff, sent him back into Joe's arms.

"Hand over that penny!" demanded Judson, grabbing him by the collar of his coat.

Pete tried to wriggle free, but finding that he couldn't, he swung around and aimed a blow for Joe's face.

Judson dodged his fist, tripped him up and got astride of him in a twinkling.

Then he dropped his papers, seized Pete's closed fist and wrested the cent from his grasp.

Jumping up, he was soon lost in the crowd.

Pete swore roundly over his discomfiture, and added a new grudge to the long account he harbored against the good-looking newsboy.

At one of the corners of Greenpoint avenue, facing the ferry, stood a small news-stand owned by an old woman named Mother Meiggs, whose nature was as warped and crooked as her seamed and ragged countenance was villainous.

With an artfulness characteristic of the hag she did not preside over the stand herself, but employed a pretty and interesting-looking girl to do the work.

There was something about Fannie Fair, the newsgirl, that attracted the custom of the passers-by, and the stand did a flourishing trade.

Fanny, in spite of her success, was treated like a dog by Mother Meiggs, and it was a standing wonder with Joe Judson, who admired the girl at a distance, why she put up with the old crone's abuse.

The reason may be stated in a few words.

Fanny was an orphan, of a timid nature, and wholly under the thumb of the wicked old haridan.

She didn't dare say her soul was her own, and Mother Meiggs took every advantage of the fact.

Joe had all his stock-in-trade disposed of before seven o'clock, while McGinniss had quite a bunch of papers left.

As Joe was approaching Mother Meiggs' stand on his way home, where Fanny was closing up shop, Pete McGinniss came up to him, and, shaking one of his dirty fists in his face, snarled:



"I'll git square wit' yer yet, see if I don't, Joe Judson!"

"You will—I don't think," replied Joe coolly. "Do you imagine that you control the newspaper trade around the ferry that you have the gall to butt in on another fellow's customers?"

"Yah! Dat wasn't no reg'lar customer of yours."

"That doesn't make any difference. He called me over to sell him a paper and you had to push in and try to do me out of the sale. It didn't do you any good, for the man wouldn't have it. Then, on top of it, you tried to steal my penny."

"Ye're a liar! I dropped dat penny meself."

"Well, I dropped you for trying to get away with it."

"I'll fix yer for dat. Me and de gang'll get hold of yer some time and we won't do a t'ing to yer," replied Pete.

"Then the cops will get hold of you and your gang, and that will be the last of the lot of you around these diggings for some time to come."

"What do we care for de cops? Dey're alwus chasin' us and never ketchin' us. Dey can't do not'in'. Dey're like ice wagins."

"They'll get you some day, all right."

"Yah! Dey'll get not'in'! Dat's wot we t'ink of de cops," and Pete put his thumb to his nose and wagged his fingers in a derisive kind of pantomime.

Then he walked off and bumped rudely into Fanny Fair, who was starting off with a small bundle of unsold evening papers in her arms.

"Wot's de matter wit' yer?" he said to her. "Why can't yer git out'er me way?"

Her bundle of papers fell to the walk and were scattered around the curb.

Joe sprang forward and started to pick them up for her, intensely indignant at McGinniss, who kept right on his way.

Fanny herself picked up a few, and then Joe tied the bundle up again for her.

"Thank you," said the girl, flashing a timid but grateful look in the boy's face.

"You're welcome, miss. If I can do anything for you at any time let me know. I sell papers around here, and you'll see me every afternoon."

"I've seen you often," she replied. "You're a very nice boy."

"Thanks for the compliment. I feel sorry that you work for Mother Meiggs. I can't see how you do it."

Fanny gave a frightened glance around, as if expecting the haridan to spring out on her from some place, and then, tucking the papers under her arm, smiled shyly at Joe and tripped away.

"She's a nice girl," said Joe to himself, looking after her. "I wish I knew her better. I can see she's afraid of Mother Meiggs. The old hag must have some hold on her, otherwise I should think she'd run away from her. I wonder how the beldame got hold of her in the first place? Couldn't be she stole her when she was a little thing. I've read about such things in story books, and in the newspapers. It's mighty funny how she lets herself be bossed around by that woman. I guess it's because she hasn't any courage. I'm dead sorry for her."

While he was speaking he was walking along one of the side streets in the direction of Newtown Creek.

At length he came to a shabby brick building let out in flats of three rooms each, and occupied by about sixteen families.

The ground floor was partitioned off into two small stores—one a grocery and the other a butcher shop.

The entrance to the flats was on the side of the building. It was narrow, dark and not over-clean.

The stairs were covered with a cheap and much worn oilcloth, while the walls, once on a time white, were disfigured with dirt, scratches and various grotesque caricatures drawn by the kids in the building and neighborhood.

It was here that Joe lived with his aunt and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, on the top floor back.

His aunt was a mild-mannered little woman who was the slave of a big, blustering tyrant.

Mr. Jenkins had a steady job as conductor on a street car, but he was one of those men who are perpetually dissatisfied with the world in general and his own fate in particular.

He belonged to a certain political party, and held extreme views.

He was never tired of discussing the Rights of Man, and how much better he could run things if he only had the

chance of doing so, but at the same time he gave a practical illustration of his contempt for the Rights of Woman by brow-beating his uncomplaining wife.

Although the aim of her life seemed to be to try and please him, she never succeeded in doing so, and Joe, who thought a great deal of his aunt, was thoroughly disgusted with his behavior.

When Joe entered the flat that evening he found Mr. Jenkins at the supper table and kicking, as usual, over something.

"Confound it, Mary!" he roared, "haven't I told you a million times that I like my steak rare?"

"I thought that was quite rare, Thomas," she protested, when he interrupted her with a bang on the table.

"You thought! That's just it. You're always thinkin' and never doin'. If I was running this flat things would be different."

Joe, as he listened to his outbreak, thought they would be different—decidedly so, and for the worse.

He sat down after nodding to the lord and master of the establishment, and getting a frown in return.

His aunt helped him to a piece of the steak, which was certainly not well done, notwithstanding Mr. Jenkins' assertion to the contrary.

The conductor took up a copy of the evening paper, and after reading five minutes he burst out into a tirade against the exactions of trusts, politicians, and finally the bloated bondholders of the railroad he was working for.

"Do you call this coffee, Mary?" he suddenly demanded, breaking off in the midst of an argument against the rich.

"Yes, Thomas," she answered gently.

"I deny it, however, with a smothered growl, and then resumed his argument.

In the midst of his declamation Joe finished his supper, put on his hat and hurriedly left the house.

## CHAPTER II.

### FANNY FAIR FINDS A PROTECTOR.

Joe had been treated to a billboard ticket to one of the cheap theatres of Brooklyn Borough, and was on his way to avail himself of this chance to see a show.

He had to take a car to get to the theatre in time, and he cut across the poorest section of Greenpoint to reach the line of cars he wanted.

He was passing through a particularly squalid block when a sharp scream rang from the doorway of one of the houses.

The next instant a young and pretty girl, whom he recognized as Fanny Fair, came darting into the street, pursued by a stout virago of a woman, with a fiery face blazing with passion.

Joe readily identified her as Mother Meiggs.

She caught the girl by her long, disheveled hair and began to lash her savagely with a heavy strap.

"You young hussy!" she roared. "I'll l'arn ye to be givin' my food away to persons pretendin' to be starvin' in a land of plenty. Take that, and that, and that!"

The girl screamed pitifully as the lash descended on her bare arms and thinly-draped shoulders, raising great, red marks on the flesh.

"Don't, don't; please don't, Mother Meiggs! I won't do it any more."

"I'll bet yer won't!" snarled the haridan, with another cruel blow.

"Don't kill me!" moaned the girl.

"I'll kill yer if I feel like it. Yer belong to me and I'll do as I please with yer. Take that, and——"

The strap was snatched from her uplifted hand and she was pushed back with a force that landed her in a heap in the gutter.

"If you wasn't a woman I'd knock the block off you!" cried Joe Judson, so angry that he hardly knew what he was saying.

He stood over the cowering little girl, with blazing eyes and figure drawn up to his full height, looking defiantly at the discomfited Mother Meiggs.

The virago was so shaken up by her fall that at first she didn't know what had happened to her.

She picked herself up with some difficulty, for the stock had got into her head and made her see things double.



Finally she seemed to grasp the situation and uttered a gasping cry of rage.

"You bloodthirsty young viper!" she exclaimed, mad with passion. "You shall pay for strikin' me!"

"More likely you'll pay for beating this poor girl," retorted Joe, threatening the woman with the strap in order to keep her at bay.

Mother Meiggs, however, was a born scrapper, and a little thing like a strap had but a trifling effect upon her.

She bore the lasting scars of many a tough battle with men and women alike, and for a boy like Joe she had the utmost contempt.

She advanced upon him with teeth and nails clenched, breathing vengeance upon both him and Fanny.

What she didn't mean to do to both of them when she got her hands on them wasn't worth considering.

The racket aroused the whole population of the immediate vicinity.

The windows filled with women and children, and the doorways with tough-looking men, all eager to see Mother Meiggs, who was well known to them, as a matter of course, on the rampage.

Nobody cared anything for the haridan, and they would have seen her bones picked before helping her out of trouble.

Fanny Fair had long enjoyed the sympathy of the neighborhood, but few of the men or women had ever had the courage to interfere between her and her tyrant, for the old beldame's prowess was much respected by her neighbors.

The people contented themselves with talking about the haridan behind her back, and the things said about her would have filled a library.

A circle of slatternly children began to gather at a respectful distance from the principals in the racket, and eyed them with interest and not a little fear.

Fanny's tears and terrified demeanor, but more than all Joe's plucky attitude in facing the female terror of the block, aroused general sympathy in their favor.

As Mother Meiggs began to close on Joe the excitement rose to a fever pitch.

One woman after another at the windows, gaining courage from the presence of their husbands, began to hurl abuse on the virago.

It had no more effect on her than water on a duck's back.

Joe began to feel decidedly uneasy over the attention he had attracted.

He also began to entertain grave doubts as to the issue of this conflict, for he couldn't think of using his fists on the haridan as he would upon a man.

Altogether, he was placed at a great disadvantage, and he recognized it.

To the surprise of the crowd of spectators, Mother Meiggs did not rush in and attack the boy, as they expected her to do.

Although Joe wasn't aware of the fact, he had a more powerful weapon about him than if his fists had been double their size and as hard as sledge-hammers.

He had a steady, unquailing eye, and that daunted the old woman.

For the first time in her life she recognized the subtle power that lies in the human eye when backed by real grit, not mere brutal strength.

She began to approach the boy with caution, and then to circle around him like a wild animal maneuvering for a favorable chance to spring upon its victim.

Her unusual tactics amazed the onlookers, and gradually the babel of sounds ceased and a strained interest and tense excitement succeeded.

Joe, though he felt that his position was desperate, owing to the fact that his antagonist was a woman, and a fierce one at that, was fully resolved not to desert the girl he had started in to defend.

He watched Mother Meiggs narrowly, never allowing his gaze to leave her for a moment.

In this way the hag, little by little, circled completely around Joe and Fanny, and yet refrained from making an attack.

All the time her eyes glowed with a sullen, malevolent fire, before which the street lamp that lit up the circle paled into insignificance.

At last Joe, tired of the strain, made a sudden step forward.

Mother Meiggs started back, tripped over a stone and fell backward.

Her head struck the surbing with a whack and she rolled over senseless.

When the crowd saw that she made no movement to get

up a shout of satisfaction rent the air, and many flattering expressions were heaped on Joe.

He took instant advantage of the chance to get away from the spot.

"Come, Fanny," he said, grasping her by the hand, "let us get away from here as fast as we can. You remember me, don't you? I'm the newsboy who sells papers at the ferry. I picked up the papers that Pete McGinniss knocked out of your hand this evening when you were leaving your stand."

"Yes, yes, I remember you," she replied, smiling through her tears. "Your name is Joe, isn't it?"

"Yes, Joe Judson."

"I am very grateful to you for saving me from Mother Meiggs. She beat me dreadfully because I gave a poor starving woman something to eat to-night. She would have beaten me worse if it hadn't been for you."

"She sha'n't beat you any more after this. I'll see to that," said Joe, in a determined tone.

"I'm afraid she will when I go in the house," replied the girl, in a trembling tone.

"You mustn't go in the house. That would never do at all. She'd revenge herself on you as soon as she got you in her clutches."

"Oh, dear! what shall I do?" cried the frightened girl.

"Come up the street a bit and I'll tell you."

He led her away from the crowd that had gathered about them until they got as far as the corner.

"Now, Fanny," he said, "I'm going to take you to my aunt's. You'll be safe there until I can find you a home somewhere a good distance from Mother Meiggs."

"No, no, I cannot go!"

"But you must. Mother Meiggs is not a fit person for you to live with even if she didn't treat you worse than a dog."

"I know it, I know it," she sobbed, pitifully; "but I dare not run away from her. She would follow me and drag me back. Then she'd kill me, I know she would. She told me she would cut me to pieces if I ever dared leave her."

"Don't you worry about that, Fanny. I'm going to stand by you after this. If Mother Meiggs should attempt to give you trouble I'll have her pulled in by the police. She sha'n't harm you any more," he said, in a tone that won her confidence.

"How brave you are!" she exclaimed, with a shy glance of admiration at his good-looking, resolute countenance. "Nobody ever dared help me before. All the people of the neighborhood are afraid of Mother Meiggs. I don't see how you dared stand out against her. I never saw her more furious, and yet, though you are only a boy, she acted just as if she was afraid of you."

"She'll have good reason to be more afraid of me if she doesn't leave you alone from this out. I'm going to take charge of you hereafter, if you'll let me. I'll be the same as a brother to you, and then nobody will dare lay a finger on you or there will be something doing."

Fanny looked in his face with eyes that beamed with gratitude, and he returned her gaze, thinking how pretty she was and how unfortunate.

She seemed to gain a little courage after they had gotten a few blocks from the street where Mother Meiggs lived.

Joe talked so reassuringly to her, and she regarded him as such a wonderful boy to be able to defend her successfully against her tyrant, that she was willing to believe anything he said.

And so she went along with him, as trustfully as though he really were her own brother, until at length they reached the flat-house where the Jenkinses lived.

Joe took her upstairs and astonished his aunt and her husband by bringing her into their flat and asking protection for her over that night, at least.

Mr. Jenkins at first regarded the boy's action with a sour look.

In the first place, they had no accommodations for the girl; and, in the second, he didn't propose to make his flat a roosting-spot for a strange girl, anyway.

He changed front, however, when he heard a full explanation of the case, for he had just been impressed by a similar kind of story he had been reading in the paper, and before Joe appeared with Fanny he had been declaring his sentiments on the subject to his wife in no uncertain terms.

This left him in a position where he would either have to eat his words or help the girl out of her predicament.



"Well, we'll take her in to-night," he said, "but you'll have to let her have your sofa-bed in the sittin'-room," to Joe. "I dare say you won't mind bunkin' on the floor here. Your aunt will furnish you with a spare blanket or two."

"I'm willing to put up with anything so long as you do the right thing by Fanny," replied Joe, cheerfully.

The matter being thus amicably settled, Mr. Jenkins told the girl to consider herself under their protection until something could be done for her.

### CHAPTER III.

#### FANNY'S STORY.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind tellin' us somethin' about yourself, young lady," said Mr. Jenkins, regarding Fanny with an air of interest, for there was something about the girl that told the conductor that Joe's protegee was not of common stock. "How came you to be livin' with that old hag, and in such a low neighborhood? You don't look as if you was always used to such people."

Fanny seemed timid about making any explanation of her history.

Joe, however, came over and, sitting on part of the chair with her, taking her hand in his, encouraged her to speak.

"Tell us all about yourself, Fanny, and then we'll know better how to help you," he said.

"I once lived in a nice house in Boston," she began, "and I remember I had everything I wanted. I had a Shetland pony, a dog-cart, and lots of playthings."

"Were your folks rich?" asked Joe, in surprise.

"My father worked in a big bank."

"Then he must have been rich."

"I don't think we were rich, for we didn't live in a grand house like many ladies did, and we didn't give balls and parties, like the big people; but we just lived nicely. I went to school and learned to play the piano, and I was very happy until—"

Fanny paused and her eyes filled with tears.

"Until what, Fanny?" asked Joe, gently.

"Until one day a dreadful thing happened."

"A dreadful thing!" repeated Joe, while his aunt and her husband looked at the girl, curiously.

"Yes," she said, in a choked voice. "One night the president of the bank came with another man and took my father away in a cab."

"What for?" asked Joe. "Where did they take him to?"

"To the bank and afterward to prison."

"To prison!" ejaculated the boy. "What did they do that for? Had your father been doing something wrong?"

"No, no, no! It was very cruel of them," sobbed Fanny. "They said he took money belonging to the bank and used it himself."

A profound silence followed her words.

Joe and his aunt looked their sympathy, but Mr. Jenkins evidently had his own opinion on the subject.

"My father wouldn't do such a thing. It was wicked to charge him with stealing," cried the girl, energetically, while her lovely eyes flashed indignantly. "He wouldn't take a cent from anybody that didn't belong to him. I hope you'll believe that."

"Of course we believe it," replied Joe.

Mr. Jenkins was not so sure on the subject.

He had read about so many bank defaulters that he was of the opinion that any clerk or official charged with the crime of helping themselves to the funds within their reach was almost certain to be guilty, and he had no sympathy for such people.

In fact, he had little sympathy for the misfortunes of those who were better off in the world than himself.

The prosperity of the world was too unevenly divided, in his estimation.

"Well, what did they do with your father?" he asked.

"They sent him away to another prison a long distance off."

"Oh, they did!" remarked Mr. Jenkins, dryly.

Clearly, he was now convinced that Fanny's father had only got what was coming to him.

"How long did he stay at the other prison?" asked Joe, sympathetically.

"Mother Meiggs told me the other day that he is there yet," sobbed the girl.

"How long has he been there?"

"Over six years."

"What did your mother do after your father was sent away?"

"She was very unhappy, and so was I. Nobody would notice us any more. They said my father was a thief, and they did not care to know us any more."

"They ought to have been ashamed of themselves," said Joe, indignantly.

Mr. Jenkins gave a grunt, and taking out his pipe, filled and lighted it.

"We had to leave our home, which was broken up and everything sold," went on the girl, in a sad voice. "The landlord wouldn't let us stay, anyway, because the people objected to us as neighbors."

"Then your folks didn't own the house you lived in?" said Joe.

"No. Mother and I went to live in Washington Village, which is a part of Boston. She tried to make a living by teaching the piano. We were getting on pretty well when somebody found out that my father was in prison and told it all about. Mother lost all her pupils, and the landlord of the house told us we must get out."

"What, again?" gasped Joe. "And because your father was in prison?"

"Yes," fluttered the girl.

"You and your mother wasn't responsible for that. You hadn't done anything wrong. People ought to have been kind to you and sympathized with you instead of acting in such a cruel way towards you."

Mr. Jenkins grunted again and puffed at his pipe.

"We had to move back to a poor place in Boston because we had so little money. We came to live in a house like this."

Mr. Jenkins took his pipe out of his mouth, got red in the face and glared at Fanny.

Evidently he didn't like the allusion to "a house like this," which the girl had called "a poor place."

There was no doubt that the Jenkins' flat was pretty rocky as far as appearances and accommodations went, but the conductor objected to anybody observing that fact.

He was living in hopes that his politics would be sufficient hold on the community to enable him to get a nice house to himself for next to nothing, without any respect whatever to the property rights of the landlord.

In fact, he had a standing grouch against landlords in general and his own in particular.

"We hadn't lived there long when mother fell ill. The dispensary doctor came to see her. He said she was very bad and sent a big, common-looking woman to nurse her. That was Mother Meiggs."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Joe.

"Mother Meiggs knew that my father was in prison, and she talked to mother about it, which she had no right to do, for it only made her worse."

"I should think so," growled Joe. "Why didn't you tell the doctor?"

"I did tell him that Mother Meiggs—she was called Mrs. Meiggs then—was not treating my mother kindly, but he didn't do anything about it. Mother Meiggs told all the people in the house that my father was in State's prison for robbing a bank."

"The old haridan!" said Joe. "I suppose, then, the people wouldn't come near you, like the others."

"The people in the house were nearly all very poor, and not very nice in their manners, but they didn't treat us like the better people did. They called on mother and helped us all they could and sympathized with her."

"Oh, they did?" ejaculated Joe, in surprise. "Why is it they acted so decently when people who lived so much better and were used to good things, like you and your mother had been, went back on you?"

"I don't know," replied Fanny; "but I know they were good to mother and me, and they did things for us that they could hardly afford, for I know some of the children were often hungry. They didn't like Mother Meiggs, and wanted mother to send her away. Mother Meiggs wouldn't go away, and told them so. She often drove them out of our rooms."

"Well, how did things come on? Did your mother get well?" asked Joe.

"No," replied the girl, bursting into tears; "she died."

Joe and his aunt looked sad, while Mr. Jenkins looked up at the ceiling as if he saw something there that interested him.

"What then?" asked Joe, in a choked voice. "Was she buried in Potter's Field?"

"No," sobbed Fanny. "On the day she died a carriage came to the street and a man from the bank where father



had worked came upstairs. He seemed shocked on seeing my mother dead and in such a poor place. She spoke to me and then went away. After a while a nice coffin came to the house and my mother was taken to an undertaker's place. The man came back and wanted to take me to his house. Mother Meiggs told him she'd take me there in a little while, so the man gave her some money and his address."

"Did she take you?" asked Joe, in a tone of interest.

"No. She carried me away to a low place where she had lived before she came to look after my mother, and that night carried me aboard a boat, and in the morning we were in New York."

"Why didn't you kick?"

"She threatened to kill me if I didn't do as she said. She showed me a horrid-looking knife, and put the point against my neck. I was terribly afraid of her and didn't dare do anything."

"She took me to live in an awful place in the city. It was so dirty and common and the people were so bad that I soon got sick and nearly died," said Fanny. "But I got well at last. Then Mother Meiggs told me that it was time for me to get my own living, saying that she did not keep cats nor kittens that didn't catch mice."

"What did she make you do?" asked Joe.

"She took me to a place where they sorted out rags, and she made me work there. When the man paid me she took the money, and often beat me if I didn't make as much as she thought I ought to."

"What an old villain!"

"A year ago she brought me over here, and we went to live in Dover Street, where you found me to-night. After a while Mother Meiggs bought out that newsstand on the corner of Greenpoint Avenue, and she made me sell papers there every afternoon. She said if I dared run away from her she'd follow me till she found me, and then she'd have my life," said Fanny, shuddering and looking in a frightened way at the door, as if she half-expected to see the old hag jump in with a long knife in her hand.

"Well, don't you worry about her following you," said Joe, in a resolute tone. "I'm going to protect you. If Mother Meiggs should get on your track she'll have me to reckon with, and she won't find that an easy proposition, bet your life."

The boy threw one arm protectingly around the girl and she nestled close to him, as if she felt that nothing could harm her while he was around.

The girl's story had greatly interested Joe's aunt, and when she had concluded it the little woman came over and, throwing her arms around her, kissed her and said that she should never see Mother Meiggs any more.

Then she took her to the room occupied by Joe and put her to bed.

"So you're goin' to take charge of that girl, are you?" said Mr. Jenkins to Joe, after Fanny and Mrs. Jenkins had withdrawn.

There was an incredulous, sneering ring in his tones.

"Yes, I am," replied Joe, stoutly.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Jenkins. "I think I see you doin' it. How can you, when you can't more'n pay your board here, and we don't charge you nothin' to speak of?"

"I'll do it," replied Joe, resolutely.

"How?" asked the conductor, blowing out a cloud of smoke. "By sellin' papers?"

"No. I'm going to try and get a regular job."

"Just woke up to that, have you?" sneered Mr. Jenkins. Joe made no reply to the conductor's remark.

He easily saw that his aunt's husband had no sympathy for his plan of looking after the unfortunate little girl.

Whatever Joe earned he wanted him to turn into the house so that he and his wife would get the benefit of it.

It was now after ten o'clock, and as Mr. Jenkins had to get to work early he finished his pipe and went to his room.

Joe talked with his aunt about Fanny's future for an hour after that, and then, after being supplied with a pair of blankets, he turned in on the kitchen floor for the night.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### JOE FINDS A HOME FOR FANNY.

Mr. Jenkins had gone to work when Fanny was called to breakfast next morning.

She was rather glad that he was away, for she was a bit afraid of him.

She could see that he was not wholly satisfied to have her in the flat.

Mrs. Jenkins and Joe were not blind to the fact, either. However, it was decided that Fanny was to stay at the flat until Joe could make better arrangements for her.

Joe looked the morning paper over for something that might suit the girl.

He saw an advertisement which stated that an elderly lady of means wanted a young girl companion who could make herself generally useful.

He read it out to his aunt and Fanny.

"That would be just the place for you," he said to his protegee.

The address gave a number of on Madison Avenue, New York.

"The lady must be pretty well off," continued Joe, "for Madison Avenue is one of the best residential streets on the other side of the river."

"I don't look nice enough to go to such a place," replied Fanny, doubtfully.

"Yes, you do. You're dressed neatly, even if your clothes haven't a swell cut. But that ain't everything, dress isn't. You've got the face of an angel, and you're sure to catch on," said the boy, enthusiastically.

"How can you talk so, Joe?" she said, with a smile and a blush.

"Because it's the truth. Isn't it so, Aunt Mary?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jenkins. "You have a pretty and interesting face, Fanny."

"That's what she has," said Joe. "I wish you were my sister."

She blushed a little again and gave him an affectionate look.

"I'll be your sister if you want me to," she said, putting her hand confidently in his.

"Will you?" cried the boy, with a pleased look. "Then I'll be your brother. I'd like to see anybody, Mother Meiggs in particular, lay a finger on you after this. It wouldn't be good for them, I can tell you that. Well, shall we take the boat across the river this morning and answer that advertisement, Ranny?"

"I will go if you want me to. I'll do anything you say, Joe. You're the only friend I have now."

"No, I ain't. Aunt Mary is your friend, too."

"Of course I am," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"But I haven't any hat?" said the girl, suddenly recollecting that she had left the domicile of Mother Meiggs bare-headed.

"I'll get you one. You'll lend me the price, won't you, Aunt Mary?"

Mrs. Jenkins said she would, and directed Joe to a cheap millinery store around the corner.

Joe cut the advertisement out of the paper and soon afterward he and Fanny left the flat together.

After she had been provided with a cheap but neat hat, Joe took the girl to the ferry.

They crossed the river and walked all the way to No. — Madison Avenue.

It was quite a long walk, but Fanny was a healthy girl and didn't mind it no more than Joe did.

They mounted the high stoop and Joe rang the bell with a firm hand.

When a servant came to the door Joe stated their errand and they were shown up to the sitting-room, on the second floor.

In a few minutes a motherly looking lady entered the room. "Are you Mrs. Burgess, ma'am?" asked Joe.

The lady nodded.

"This is Fanny Fair, ma'am, and she's come in answer to your advertisement in this morning's paper."

The lady looked the girl over critically and seemed to take a fancy to her.

"Have you brought references?" she asked.

Fanny looked helplessly at Joe, and he nearly fell off his chair.

He had not thought of such a thing.

"No, ma'am," he said, with a disappointed face. "We didn't bring any references."

"You should have done so," replied the lady. "It is necessary that I should know something about the young person I take into my house."

"Yes, ma'am. I forgot all about that. Well, Fanny, I guess we'd better go. I'm afraid the lady doesn't want you. I'm very sorry we put you to the trouble of seeing us, ma'am, and I'm sorry that Fanny can't come here, for I



like your face, ma'am. I know you'd be kind to her. She needs it," and he put his arm around the girl in a way that spoke volumes. "She's suffered a whole lot more than most girls are called on to stand, but she sha'n't suffer any more if I can help it. She's my sister now, and I'd go through fire and water for her. We'll go now, ma'am, with your permission."

"Wait a moment," said the lady, who had been much impressed not only by Joe's earnest speech, but by Fanny herself, for the girl's face and innocent manner appealed to her very strongly. "Sit down. I want to talk to your—sister, I think you said?"

"No, ma'am, she isn't my real sister, but I've promised to be a brother and protector to her, and that's why I mentioned the word."

"Well, perhaps we can get over the question of references, if you think you can't furnish satisfactory ones. Have you a father or mother living, my dear?"

"My father is living," replied the girl, her lips quivering at the recollection of her father's unhappy fate.

"I presume he is living in this city; that is, somewhere in Greater New York?"

"No, ma'am," replied the girl, with downcast eyes.

"No?" replied the lady, in some surprise. "Oh, I see, perhaps his business takes him away. Is that it? And he wants to secure you a home?"

"No, ma'am," answered Fanny.

Her pitiful, dejected air surprised the lady still more.

"Where is your father?"

Fanny tried to answer, but she choked up and burst into tears.

Mrs. Burgess looked her astonishment, then she turned to Joe for an explanation.

Joe, with the recollection in his mind of how the nice, respectable people of Boston and Washington Village had treated the girl and her mother when they learned that the husband and father was serving a term in the State's prison for a crime of which he might be innocent, concluded that there was no show for Fanny at this house, where the lady would, no doubt, be troubled with the same prejudices.

"You might as well know the truth, ma'am," he said, with a flash in his eye. "Her father was a bank clerk in Boston, and he's in the State's prison because he was convicted of taking money that wasn't his own from the bank. But that doesn't prove that he was guilty, ma'am. I've heard that many an innocent man has been railroaded to prison to save others higher up."

Joe didn't dream that when he uttered those words he was telling the exact facts about Fanny's father.

George Fair had been railroaded to the State's prison to save the president of the bank from a similar fate.

No one knew the fact but the president himself, and his guilty conscience had given him no rest from the hour he discovered his cashier's wife dead in a common tenement in the purlieus of Boston, and his daughter reduced almost to rags.

It had been his intention to rescue the child and bring her up at his own expense, but this benevolent purpose had been thwarted by her disappearance at the time of her mother's death.

When Joe admitted that Fanny's father was serving time in the Massachusetts State prison after being convicted of robbing the bank where he was employed, she was not a little shocked.

It was true that the poor girl was in no way responsible for the doings of her father, but, nevertheless, was it possible for her to take into her household the child of a convict?

It was not for her to decide whether the man was guilty or innocent—a jury, with the facts before them, had decided against him, therefore the presumption was not in his favor.

Then the lady remembered a sermon she had heard the previous Sunday that the sins of the father react on his children, even to the third and fourth generation; but the minister, a humane man, had strongly pointed out how unjustly some children suffered because of their connection with a criminal father, and appealed to his congregation if ever they were brought face to face with such a case to remember that it was the duty of a Christian to temper prejudice with charity.

She looked at Joe's flushed face, noted the ring in his voice, and the half-resentful flash in his honest, blue eyes,

and she could not but admire the way the boy tried to defend his companion's unfortunate position.

In a moment all the charity of the good lady's nature came to the surface, and she laid her hand gently and pityingly on the girl's bowed head.

"Tell me your history, my child," she said, kindly. "Do not be afraid that I will hold anything against you because of your father, whether he be guilty or innocent. You are not to blame for his acts."

But Fanny only wept harder, as the lady stroked her fair hair.

"I'll tell you, ma'am," said Joe, and he did.

He repeated the story Fanny had told the night before, dwelling on those parts where the girl and her mother had suffered through the prejudice of the respectable element of the community, showing, with a pathetic eloquence, how the pair had been forced down the rungs of prosperity till they fetched up at the bottom.

Then he told how Fanny had been kidnapped by Mother Meiggs, brought to New York and practically held a prisoner ever since until he had rescued her the preceding night by doing up the old haridan.

"And you have only known the girl less than twenty-four hours, and yet you have taken her to your heart as a sister?" said Mrs. Burgess.

"I have known her for some weeks by sight, ma'am, but I don't ask to know her any better than I do now. She's an honest, good little girl, and whether you take her or not, ma'am, she'll never want for a friend as long as I live."

It wasn't possible for the lady to doubt the boy's loyalty to his new companion.

He believed in her from her head down, and was ready to prove it by his actions.

"Have you a father and mother, my boy?" she asked him.

"No, ma'am, I'm sorry to say I haven't; but I have an aunt, and she's the best woman in all the world."

"What do you do for a living, for I presume you are obliged to work?"

"I sell papers at the Greenpoint ferry, ma'am."

"Wouldn't you like a better employment? You look to me like a smart, ambitious boy, and unusually intelligent."

"I am looking for a job with a future, ma'am," he replied.

"Then I will help you. My brother is president of the Greenpoint ferry. I will give you a letter to him, urging him to find you something to do."

"Thank you, ma'am. I am very much obliged to you. But I'd rather you'd do something for Fanny. She needs it more than I do. I can fight my way through the world, but she can't. Excuse my saying so, but I've sized you up as a kind-hearted lady, and I'm sure you'd do the right thing by Fanny; but I don't ask you to take her if you have any doubts as to what she is. If you don't find her as good as a daughter to you I shall be much astonished. At any rate, you'll find her good and true. That's all I've got to say, ma'am."

"I'll take Fanny, not only on your recommendation but because I believe in her face. I feel sure I shall not be disappointed in her."

"You will not," said Joe, emphatically. "I'd like to ask one favor, ma'am."

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Burgess, with a smile.

"I want you to let me call and see her sometimes," he said, earnestly. "I don't want to lose her altogether if I can help it. I haven't known her long, it is true, but we've promised to be brother and sister, and so—you understand what I mean."

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" cried Fanny, throwing her arms around his neck and bursting into tears again, "I'd—I'd rather not stay than lose you. You've been my friend when no one else would stand up for me. I love you, Joe, I love you!"

Mrs. Burgess was visibly affected by the attitude of the young people toward each other, and she hastened to assure them that they should see each other as often as once a week if they wanted to.

This was satisfactory to Joe, at any rate, though Fanny clung to him and didn't want him to go away.

While Mrs. Burgess was writing a strong recommendation to her brother for Joe, the boy comforted his little friend, and told her that she couldn't have gotten a better place to live if it had been made to order for her.

Then, taking the letter and thanking Mrs. Burgess for it, he took leave of Fanny and left the house, satisfied that the girl would be well cared for.



## CHAPTER V.

## THE ELUSIVE WALLET.

Mr. Elliot Story, Mrs. Burgess' brother, besides being president of the Greenpoint Ferry Co., was head of an uptown bank, and Joe was directed by the lady to go to that institution to see him.

The bank was in the neighborhood of Madison Square, and the boy hastened there at once, as he was anxious to make a change in his line of business as soon as possible. Reaching the bank, he inquired for Mr. Story.

The attendant, after sizing him up, asked what his business was with Mr. Story.

"I've got a letter for him," replied Joe.

"Well, give me the letter and I'll take it in to him. You can wait here till I return."

Joe handed him the letter and he took it into the president's office.

In a few minutes he came out and asked the boy to follow him.

"You are Joseph Judson, are you?" said Mr. Story when Joe was shown into his office.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, respectfully.

"My sister requests me to try and get you a position of some kind. What have you been working at, if anything?"

"I've been selling newspapers since I left school, sir."

"Is that all you've done in the line of work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"At No. — Blank Street, Greenpoint."

"With your parents?"

"I live with my aunt. My father and mother are dead."

"Would you like to work on a ferryboat?"

"I don't mind what I do, sir, so long as it offers me a chance to get ahead."

"If you prove to be as smart as you look, and are ambitious to make your mark, you can work your way up to be captain of a ferryboat in time. Or you can study for a pilot's position while serving your time aboard one of the boats. I do not know if there is any likelihood of an immediate vacancy aboard our boats, but I will communicate with the captains and furnish them with your name and address, requesting that they will put your application for a position on file. They appoint the deckhands and other employees, and you will hear from one of them in due course."

That ended the interview, and Joe returned to Greenpoint in time to get home to dinner.

He told his aunt that Fanny had got the place on Madison Avenue, and that he also had the promise of a position on board of one of the ferryboats plying between Manhattan and Greenpoint.

His aunt was very glad to hear that things had turned out so satisfactorily for Fanny, and she was also pleased that Joe was in line for something better than selling newspapers.

After dinner Joe hastened to get the earlier afternoon editions of the New York papers, and he was soon at his stamping-grounds near the ferry-house.

He saw that Mother Meiggs' stand was not in operation, and he wondered if the old hag was out searching for Fanny.

"Not much chance of her finding Fanny now," chuckled Joe. "It was a lucky thing that I passed through Dover Street last night just in the nick of time. The poor girl might have been half-murdered, only I was on hand to save her. That was the time that Mother Meiggs got it in the neck. I wonder if she'll know me again? She got such a good look at me that if she comes down here to look after her stand herself she may recognize me. Well, I don't care. She can't do me any harm that I know of."

He noticed Pete McGinniss and a couple of his cronies hanging around the ferry-house, and he gave them a wide berth.

A boat from Twenty-third Street came in about this time, and there was quite a number of passengers and vehicles aboard of her.

Joe hustled around among the former to sell his papers.

Among them was a tall, well-dressed man of about fifty years.

He was accompanied by a sharp-featured man of perhaps thirty.

As Joe was casually looking in their direction the older man drew a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his face

and the boy thought he saw something fall from his pocket. He wasn't quite sure about it, and so he sauntered slowly over to the spot where they had passed at the time.

Sure enough, lying in the dirt he saw a good-sized wallet.

He pounced upon it at once.

It was an expensive pocketbook, and on the flap, in gold letters, was stamped the name of Frederick DeHaven.

"Looks as if it might contain something of value," muttered Joe. "That gentleman with the light overcoat must have dropped it. Where is he now?"

The boy looked around, but the two men in question were not in sight.

He ran across to the corner of Greenpoint Avenue and looked eagerly up the street, but he couldn't see any sign of them.

He scudded up the street a couple of blocks, but the men were not to be seen.

Then he gave up the search for them and returned to the ferry.

He sought out a retired spot near a spile-head overlooking the river and started to examine the wallet.

There was about \$60 in money in it, various papers, and several newspaper clippings.

"Gee! This is a find for fair," he said, gazing at the money. "I wonder what McGinniss would say if he knew I'd found this?"

"He'd say 'halves!'" cried a well-known and unpleasant voice at his elbow, and a hand was thrust forward and seized one end of the wallet.

Joe whirled around and confronted McGinniss.

"Been hookin' a pocketbook, eh?" said Pete, with a disagreeable grin. "I was on to yer and saw yer do it. Ante up half that money now or I'll give yer away to the first cop I see."

"Ante up nothing," retorted Joe. "I found this wallet, and nobody gets it from me but the owner."

"Give me half of dat money or I'll punch yer in de snoot!" threatened Pete, who imagined that he could intimidate Judson.

"Let that wallet go!" cried Joe, tugging at it.

A struggle for its possession ensued, each hanging on for all he was worth to the prize.

"Drop it!" roared Joe. "You haven't any right to interfere with me."

"Gimme half and I'll let go," returned Pete.

"Not on your life!"

"I'll take it all, den!"

"If you can get it you will!"

McGinniss suddenly let go, and as Joe staggered back he jumped at him and struck him a heavy blow in the face.

Joe went down on his back.

Pete followed up his advantage by leaping on Judson's chest and making a snatch at the wallet.

One of McGinniss' friends came up at this moment and Pete called on him for help.

Between them they wrested the wallet from Joe's grasp.

As Peter sprang up, Joe seized him by the leg and upst him.

The pocketbook slipped from his hand, slid into a hole in the end of the dock near the ferry-house, where the scrap had taken place, and disappeared.

"It's gone t'rough into de water!" cried Pete's friend, peering through the hole.

"Climb down and fish it out," ejaculated McGinniss. "It's full of money."

Joe was now on his feet, and when he realized that the wallet had gone through the hole in the dock he was pretty mad.

Shoving Pete's friend away, he looked through the hole and saw the wallet lying across a heavy beam near the surface of the river, where it was lapping against the embankment of the street.

He determined to get it without delay.

As he started to climb over the edge of the dock, Pete and his friend both seized him by the arms to try and stop him.

"Come away from dat spile or I'll kick de stuffin' out'a yer!" snarled Pete.

Joe, seeing that he was stuck, sprang back on the wharf and landed a swinging uppercut on McGinniss' jaw that made his teeth rattle.

Then he sprang back for the spile, and was out of sight over the end of the dock before the boys could reach him again.



"Git after him!" urged Pete to his friend. "Shove him inter de river!"

"Git after him yerself," replied the other boy, not relishing the job.

Pete, however, was not anxious to undertake the mission after the punch in the jaw he had received from Joe's hard fist.

He and his friend leaned over the top of the stringpiece and followed Judson's movements.

They saw the wallet where it was reposing on the cross-beam, and they calculated that Joe was bound to recover it.

"Well, we kin keep him from gettin' back on the dock, anyway, unless he divides wit' us," said Pete.

"We will do dat," agreed his friend.

Lower and lower Joe crawled toward the water and the spot where the wallet lay.

At that moment the ferryboat from Tenth Street, Manhattan, came in, and her paddle-wheels kicked up a succession of waves.

Just as Joe reached for the pocketbook the water surged up with a big splash and washed it off the beam.

With an exclamation of vexation, the plucky boy saw it sucked out a yard or two into the river, and then it went floating away on the roughened water.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE EFFORTS OF MOTHER MEIGGS TO FIND FANNY.

"If that wouldn't make you mad," growled Joe, following the course of the wallet.

Pete and his companions gave a shout and, jumping on their legs, started along the dock, keeping abreast of the floating pocketbook.

The wallet soon disappeared under an adjoining wharf. Joe returned to the wharf the way he had gone down.

He saw Pete and his friend on the next wharf climbing down, with the evident intention of grabbing the prize when it floated clear of the wharf.

He rushed over to watch their movements, and see if they were successful.

As the wallet seemed to be a long time in making its appearance, they disappeared under the dock to search for it.

At that moment Joe saw it floating out from under the wharf, several yards away.

He made for the next wharf, keeping its position in sight.

A long, low sloop was moored against the wharf and Joe saw that the wallet would strike against the side of the boat.

He lost no time springing aboard of the craft, and leaning over her three-inch rail flashed the pocketbook out of the river the moment it came within reach.

Then he regained the dock, where he squeezed the water from the wallet, dried it with his handkerchief as well as he could, and thrust it into his pocket.

Then he hurried back to the ferry dock to find his bundle of papers.

On the way he saw Pete and his companion still searching under the other wharf for the prize which had eluded them.

Joe chuckled at their fruitless quest.

"Keep on," he said; "maybe you'll find it—I don't think!"

He found his bunch of papers untouched, lying near Pete's supply, and, grabbing them up, was soon looking around for customers.

It was about five o'clock that Joe saw Mother Meiggs on the corner near her newsstand, talking to Pete McGinniss.

Fearing that there might be trouble in store for him, he kept a wary eye in her direction while attending to business.

In a short time Pete came to him and said, in a surly way:

"Mother Meiggs, of de newsstand, wants ter see yer."

"What does she want with me?" asked Joe, who knew well enough what she wanted.

"Yer better go and see."

"I've got no use for Mother Meiggs," replied Joe, and then he started for a man who was crossing to the ferry-house.

Pete went back and told the old hag what Joe said.

The next thing Joe knew the old woman crossed over and collared him.

"What did yer do with my Fanny, yer young viper?" she demanded.

Joe swung himself loose from her grasp and faced her defiantly.

"You old villain," he said, "you'll never see that girl again!"

"Won't I?" cackled the haridan. "I'll see whether I will or not. What have yer done with her? Tell me, or I'll be the death of yer!"

"You'll never find out from me. If you bother me I'll tell the police how you kidnapped her from Boston, and have kept her with you ever since by threats."

"Yah!" snarled the old woman, extending her talon-like fingers at him as though she were itching to fasten them on his throat.

"Here comes a cop now. If you don't skip I'll make a complaint against you."

The hag turned, saw the officer, and then, after hurling a storm of abuse, mingled with threats, the boy, shuffled away from the spot and was soon out of sight.

Pete, who had been a witness of the brief interview, expecting to see Joe roughly handled by the virago, was disappointed over the result.

"She'll do yer up yet," he said, darkly. "Some dark night when ye're goin' home yer'll git a knife in yer inwards, and that'll be yer finish."

Joe paid no attention to his remark and went about his business.

At seven o'clock he had disposed of all his papers and went home to supper.

He was shadowed at a distance by Pete McGinniss, who noted the flat-house where he entered, and then went to Dover Street to report the fact to Mother Meiggs.

After supper, Mr. Jenkins went to a corner saloon to talk with some of his acquaintances.

Then Joe drew the wallet he had found from his pocket.

"See what I picked up to-day," he said to his aunt. "It belongs to a man named Frederick DeHaven and contains \$60 in money and a lot of papers and newspaper clippings. I'm going to watch the papers to see if it's advertised for. If the owner never turns up I guess the money will belong to me."

His aunt was surprised when he exhibited the six \$10 bills, and she congratulated him on his good luck.

"Oh, the money isn't mine yet, Aunt Mary. I may have to return the whole business in a day or two."

"But you'll probably get one of the bills as a reward, and that's something."

"Maybe so, in that case. It's worth it, for, owing to a young scamp who sells papers at the ferry, I nearly lost it, and had a hot time getting hold of it again."

Joe then told his aunt the full particulars of the incident.

After glancing at several of the papers, which appeared to be business memoranda, he handed the pocketbook to his aunt and asked her to keep it for him.

Next morning, about eleven o'clock, a surly looking man went through the house selling shoe-laces.

Nobody wanted any, but that fact did not seem to bother him much.

He seemed to be very inquisitive with his eyes, especially when he reached the top floor and knocked on the door of the Jenkins' apartments.

When both her husband and Joe were out, Mrs. Jenkins was cautious in her attitude toward strange visitors.

She kept the door on a chain which only permitted it of being opened a few inches, and through this narrow opening she held all converse with callers whom she did not know.

The man with the shoe-laces didn't have much chance to inspect the kitchen and consequently was disappointed.

He couldn't tell with any degree of certainty whether there was anybody else in the room besides the little woman herself.

As Mrs. Jenkins told him that she didn't want any shoe-laces, and shut the door immediately after saying so, the hawker went away unsatisfied.

He lingered around the neighborhood for an hour and then disappeared.

That evening he turned up again, but disguised with a heavy beard, like a foreigner.

He had a bag over his shoulder, and he was accompanied by Mother Meiggs.

They went straight up to the Jenkins flat.

The hag kept herself in the background while the man rapped on the door.

Joe jumped up from the supper-table and answered the summons.

"Any old clothes to sell?" whined the man, peering all around the room.







watch me closer if he was a detective and I a suspected crook. The first thing he knows I'll jump on his neck."

Joe rushed home to get his dinner, but Pete didn't follow him.

That afternoon Joe sold the New York evening papers for the last time.

On the following morning he reported promptly on time to the mate of the ferryboat Osceola, after posting a letter he had written to Fanny, telling her of his good luck in getting a regular job.

He was put to work with another hand at swabbing the cabin floors.

Subsequently he tackled the windows, and then there were other jobs allotted to him which kept him busy right along.

He worked with a will and was under the actual charge of the head deck-hand.

That morning Pete McGinniss hung around the flat-house and looked in vain for him to appear.

Just before the young tough went for his supply of afternoon papers he stopped in at Dover Street to make his report and receive a certain cash payment from the old woman.

That afternoon Pete missed Joe from his regular stamping-ground in front of the ferry-house, and he wondered where the boy had gone.

Next day, however, he discovered that Joe was working on the Osceola, and he carried the news to Mother Meiggs.

Thereafter he confined his shadowing operations to the evenings, but his detective work was productive of no satisfactory results, and finally the old woman got tired of paying him and called him off.

She made other efforts to discover the whereabouts of Fanny, but the girl's new abiding-place remained a mystery to her.

Thus several months passed away, and Joe not only made good in his new job, but came to be recognized as one of the most efficient deck-hands aboard the Osceola.

During this interval he saw Fanny about four times.

She had made herself solid with Mrs. Burgess the very first week, and had gradually won a warm place in that lady's heart.

She liked her new home very much indeed, and was quite happy and contented there, but she did not think any the less of Joe because she was so well fixed.

Rather, she grew more and more attached to him as the weeks went by, for she could not forget that he had been a friend to her when she needed one very badly.

And it was through his exertions, wholly, that she had secured her present desirable situation, and her gratitude knew no bounds.

Although it seemed to her that she never could forget what she had suffered while in the power of Mother Meiggs, nor could she entirely shake off her dread of that wicked old reprobate, still, as time slipped away, the years she had passed under the thumb of the haridan seemed more and more like an ugly dream.

At the suggestion of the kind-hearted Mrs. Burgess, she had written a long letter to her father, telling him of all that had happened to her since her mother's death in the Boston tenement, and how at last the sun of comparative happiness was shining on her once more, and how very happy she would be when the stern arm of the law permitted them to come together once more.

She declared that she never believed him guilty of the crime of which he had been convicted, and that she never would.

She told him of the good friends she had made in Joe Judson and Mrs. Burgess, and concluded by begging him to write to her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE COLLISION ON THE RIVER.

During those months the wallet which Joe found in the street in front of the ferry-house remained undisturbed at the bottom of one of his aunt's bureau drawers.

For the first week the boy had carefully looked in the lost and found columns of the leading New York and Brooklyn papers for an ad. relating to it, but had seen nothing that in the remotest way referred to it.

At length he came to the conclusion that the money the wallet contained was as good as his own, but for all that he entertained some doubts about his right to appropriate it until at least a reasonable time had elapsed.

So he let the wallet remain where his aunt had put it, and after a while forgot all about it.

The encouraging accounts he gave of Fanny's new life with Mrs. Burgess greatly pleased Mrs. Jenkins, and several times she expressed a strong desire to see the girl again.

Joe was afraid to have Fanny visit Greenpoint, lest in some way Mother Meiggs might get on her track again and trouble come to her.

At length, however, Joe discovered that the haridan had sold out her newsstand and had vanished from Dover Street.

He made inquiries of several residents of the block and learned from them that the old woman had gone back to her old stamping-grounds in Manhattan to live.

Under these circumstances he decided that it would be safe to have Fanny come to Greenpoint to visit his aunt.

So it was arranged that she should meet Joe's boat at a certain hour on the following Sunday afternoon, the boy having secured permission to go off duty a couple of hours earlier than usual.

Accordingly, at the hour in question, when the Osceola arrived at her slip at the foot of Twenty-third Street, Fanny was on hand ready to go aboard of her.

She looked a much different girl to what she did when she went over the river the morning Joe escorted her to the house on Madison Avenue.

She now looked much plumper and, if anything, prettier. Her shapely form was attired in a brand-new China silk dress, and a stylish hat sat jauntily on her golden curls.

When Joe, who was on the lookout for her, went forward to meet her as she stepped on the boat, he mentally decided that there wasn't a lovelier girl in Greater New York, and very proud indeed he was to enjoy the privilege of calling her his adopted sister.

"You're looking fine this afternoon, Fanny," he said, greeting her with a hug and a kiss which she blushing accepted.

"Am I?" she laughed. "I'm glad you are pleased with my appearance. This is a new gown I put on for the first time to-day. Mrs. Burgess presented it to me. I am sure she's the best and kindest woman in all the world."

"I guess she is, Fanny," admitted Joe. "She certainly treats you like a daughter. You appear to have everything you want."

"I have. She not only lets me practice on the piano, but she has just made arrangements with a professor to give me two lessons a week. What do you think of that?"

"I think you fell into a regular snap when you went to live with Mrs. Burgess," said Joe, as they walked toward the bow of the ferryboat. "And I didn't do so badly, either, through her, for I got this job. I expect to rise to be a mate one of these days, and after that, captain."

"You'll be a big man by that time, with whiskers, won't you?" she smiled.

"I'll be a man, all right, but I don't know about the whiskers. I like a smooth face better. Of course, if you want me to have whiskers I'll consider the matter. I feel bound to do whatever pleases you."

"You are very nice to say that, Joe," she said, laying her hand on his arm. "You are a dear, good brother to me, and I love you very dearly."

"And will you always love me just as dearly?" he asked, eagerly.

"Always," she replied, with a positive nod.

Her reply made Joe very happy.

In a few minutes the boat started and he had to leave her to attend to some duty required of him.

"You can stand here in the front of the boat, if you like, until I get back," he said, as he started to walk away.

As she stood near the forward railing, looking out on the sun-kissed river, two hard-looking lads approached her from behind.

They were Pete McGinniss and his particular crony, Mike Grady.

As Fanny's back was turned toward them, Pete did not recognize the girl.

He and Mike, however, saw that she was well dressed and attractive and, seeing that she was alone, judged that she was unprotected.

"Dat's wot I call a peach of a gal," said Grady, regarding Fanny from behind with a look of admiration.

"You kin bet your life she's all dat," replied Pete. "We ought to make a mash, Mike."

Pete's outward appearance was much improved on this



occasion to what it was when we first introduced him to the reader.

He wore a complete suit of clothes that fitted him, had shoes and stockings on, a good derby hat, a clean shirt and sported a collar, a necktie and a Brazilian diamond scarf-pin.

He also carried a gold-plated watch-chain, strung across his vest, though he had no watch in his pocket.

His companion was almost similarly attired.

Within the last month Pete and Mike had quit selling papers at the ferry, and the police missed their well-known countenances from the neighborhood and wondered where they had taken themselves off to.

It is probable that their absence from their old stamping-grounds was looked upon as a boon, not only by the officers patrolling that district but by the small storekeepers, whom they had often annoyed, as well.

Pete and Mike looked as if they had struck luck, wherever they had gone.

As a matter of fact, they had; for they not only dressed like ordinary boys now, but they had money to spend in their pockets.

But if the reader thinks they had improved in character for the better he will be disappointed.

Pete and Mike had taken the road that lands the majority of its pedestrians in the State's prison sooner or later.

They had followed Mother Meiggs to New York, and had joined the select circle of her old friends in one of the crookedest sections of Manhattan.

They were learning how to make money by their wits and at other people's expense.

The success which so far attended their efforts in this direction satisfied them that only fools are honest.

Their instructors, however, did not take the trouble to point out to them that if it was a merry life, in its way, it was a short one—out of jail.

At present Pete and Mike were walking on the sunny side of the way, and as prosperity seemed to beam upon them, they were reminded that they had hitherto only been wasting their time selling newspapers.

As both Pete and his companion were struck by Fanny's appearance, they decided that as she appeared to be alone they ought to make her acquaintance.

There might be something in it for them in the way of a chatelaine watch, or a pocketbook, that they might find a chance to borrow on the sly.

This would be profitable for them, as well as good practice in their new profession.

So, after a whispered consultation, they lounged up alongside the girl.

"Fine arternoon, miss," said Pete, by way of breaking the ice.

"De water looks fine, don't it, miss?" said Mike, getting on the other side of her.

Fanny stepped back, rather startled, from the rail and looked at the boys who were trying to force their company on her.

As soon as the boys saw her face they recognized her at once as Fanny Fair, the girl who had tended Mother Meiggs' newsstand and who, with Joe Judson's help, had, without warning, given the old woman the slip.

They were not only surprised at meeting her so unexpectedly, but they were astounded at her swell appearance.

Clearly, she had struck luck as well as themselves, but they judged that it wasn't the same kind of luck.

"Why, if it ain't Fanny Fair!" ejaculated Pete.

"Powder me blue, but it is, for a fact!" exclaimed Grady.

"Who'd a-thought of meetin' yer, Fanny," said Pete.

"Yer've got a swell rig on, for fair. Yer must have struck it fat somewhere. Where are yer holdin' out? Mike and me would be glad to call on yer, wouldn't we, Mike?"

"Sure we would. We'd consider it a honor," grinned Mike.

Fanny made no reply to their free-and-easy speech.

She felt frightened at their nerve, and at the fact that she had been recognized by the two boys who knew of her connection with Mother Meiggs, and she looked as she felt.

"Don't run away, Fan," said Pete, grabbing her by the wrist. "We're old friends, yer know, and we want to talk to yer."

"I don't want anything to do with you," she replied, trying to release herself.

"Aw, wot's de use of givin' us de t'row-down 'cause we've got dere noses?" said Mike, with a hungry glance at the handsome gold chatelaine watch which Fanny wore on her breast—a present from Mrs. Burgess.

"Let me go, please," protested the girl.

"Don't be in a hurry," replied Pete. "We ain't goin' to hurt yer."

"Don't tear yourself away in such a rush," said Mike. "We wuz goin' to offer to see yer wherever yer wuz goin'."

Fanny looked around for Joe.

She saw him coming forward from the middle of the boat where several automobiles and one horse and carriage were standing.

She knew he would defend her from those rude boys and drive them away.

But at that moment something happened that altered the situation without any interference on the part of Joe.

The boat was approaching her Greenpoint slip, and the Tenth Street boat was just hauling out.

One of the Osceola's rudder-chains snapped, or gave way in some manner.

The boat, which was still under regulation speed, swung around as if on a pivot and dashed straight at the other craft.

Pete and Mike, together with Fanny, stood spellbound as they saw that a collision was certain to take place.

The pilot rang the bell to back the Osceola, but he saw that the threatened accident could not be averted under the circumstances, so he and the mate braced themselves to meet the shock.

Pete dropped Fanny's hand and he and his companion made a rush for safety without any thought for the girl herself.

Neither had been turned out of a heroic mold, and their only thought was to save their own precious selves.

When the boats came together with a crash, Fanny uttered a shriek and started to run.

A falling plank would have crushed her to the deck only for Joe, who, seeing her peril, sprang forward and dragged her out of danger.

## CHAPTER IX.

### JOE'S DOUBTS AND FEARS.

A scene of great excitement and confusion took place on both boats.

Practically all the damage done happened to the Tenth Street boat, which had been struck head-on by the Osceola.

With her engines at rest she floated away, showing a huge rent in the side of one of her cabins.

There wasn't a particle of danger, however, of her sinking, but the frightened people aboard of her didn't know that, nor take any heed of the fact.

They wanted to reach shore again as soon as they could—some of them so badly that only the presence and energy of the deck-hands prevented them from jumping overboard.

The same state of affairs existed on board of the Osceola.

Fortunately, both boats were not carrying a great many passengers at the time, and the panic was quickly suppressed.

The Osceola had not been greatly damaged by the collision.

A portion of her port rail, near where Fanny had been standing, had been carried away, and one section of her iron folding-gates that kept the passengers within bounds had been smashed by the falling debris from the other boat.

As she couldn't be directed into her slip by the broken rudder, the pilot started to turn her around so that he could use the forward rudder.

It was then discovered that the collision had put that rudder out of commission also.

That left the boat completely out of control, and the problem that now confronted the pilot was how to get her into her slip in the face of a strong tide that had to be reckoned with.

While the officers and crew of the Tenth Street boat were examining the damage inflicted on their craft, the captain of the Osceola sent a couple of hands with the mate to see what was wrong with the forward rudder.

While they were looking into the difficulty the boat floated with the tide up the river.

When Joe looked Fanny and swung her clear of the falling beam, she had thrown her arms about his neck and, burying her head on his shoulder, sobbed hysterically.

The shock of the contact when the boats came together had almost taken Joe and the fair girl off their feet, but by a strong effort the boy recovered his balance and slung to Fanny.



"Save me, Joe! Save me!" she cried, in a spasm of terror.

"Don't be frightened. I've got you safe," he whispered, reassuringly, in her ear. "The danger is all over. Come, now, brace up, like a brave little girl."

But she had been so badly frightened that she couldn't calm herself all in a moment.

She clung tightly to her adopted brother, as if he was her only haven of refuge.

"Dear, dear Joe, don't leave me!"

"I'm not going to leave you. But everything is all right now. Look around and see if it isn't."

She raised her head and gazed fearsomely about.

The forward part of the deck, not far from where they stood, was littered with a pile of broken planks that had been torn from the Tenth Street boat.

Otherwise, excepting the broken rail and smashed gate, nothing seemed to be different about the Osceola than before the collision, except that her engine was at rest and a number of her passengers were making their way to that end of the boat to assure themselves that the craft was in no danger of sinking.

"Oh, Joe, it was dreadful, wasn't it?" she said, drying her eyes with her handkerchief. "If you hadn't been here I know I should have been killed."

"Well, Fanny, I won't say but that you were in a dangerous situation when the boats collided. Why didn't you run at once when you saw that we were bound to butt into the Tenth Street boat?"

"I couldn't."

"You couldn't? Why not?"

"Those boys had hold of me."

"What boys are you talking about?" asked Joe, in surprise.

"Those two newsboys who recognized me and insisted on talking to me."

Joe then recalled that he had seen two boys rush past him just as the boats came together, but in the confusion he had not recognized them as old acquaintances.

"I saw the boys, but they didn't look like newsboys," replied Joe.

"I used to see them selling papers around the ferry when I looked after Mother Meiggs' stand."

"Do you know their names?"

"One of them I heard called McGinniss."

"You can't mean Pete McGinniss!" cried Joe, in astonishment. "Why, that rascal always went barefooted, with a long-tailed coat that didn't fit him, and a gaudy-looking vest. The boys who ran past me a while ago were pretty well dressed, like most boys, as far as I noticed."

"I didn't know them at first, but they knew me," said Fanny. "They came right up and spoke to me, and then I recognized them. I know one was McGinniss, but I don't remember the name of the other."

"You are sure it was McGinniss?" asked Joe, a bit uneasily, knowing that Pete was, or at least had been, on terms of intimacy with Mother Meiggs.

"Yes, I am sure. But they won't bother me now that you are with me," she said, confidently.

"I wish McGinniss hadn't seen you," said Joe, with some earnestness in his tone.

"What difference can it make?" she asked, wonderingly.

"It might make trouble for you."

"Trouble for me?" she cried, opening her eyes.

"Yes. If he knows where to find Mother Meiggs he'll be sure to tell her that he met you coming to Greenpoint on this boat to-day. That will start her trying to find you again."

"Oh, Joe!" exclaimed Fanny, with a frightened look.

"She'll figure that you are living somewhere in Manhattan, and it is just possible she may set a watch on me, and when I call on you again I may be shadowed to Mrs. Burgess' house. Once she locates you she'll be up to all kind of dodges to catch you off your guard. You must tell Mrs. Burgess when you get home, and it may be better that I don't call on you again, at least for some time."

"Dear, dear Joe! I shall be very unhappy if I couldn't see you!" she cried, clinging to his arm.

"We could write to each other twice a week until I thought the danger was over. Wouldn't that do, Fanny?"

"But that isn't like seeing you," she pouted. "I should think you'd want to see me if you love me as you say you do."

"Of course I want to see you, but I don't want to run the chance of putting that old haridan on your track."

"I should think we could have her arrested if she tried to interfere with me."

"So we could; but she's such a foxy old woman it might be hard to get hold of her. She probably wouldn't try to catch you herself, for she knows you'd recognize her right away. She could get a man, some scoundrel she is acquainted with, to do the trick for her. It's better to be on the same side. An ounce of prevention, you know, is worth a pound of cure."

By that time the rudder had been sufficiently repaired to enable the ferryboat to make for her slip, so her engine was started and she steered back down the river.

Reaching the neighborhood of the slip, she put in and was soon docked.

The passengers rushed ashore, glad to be out of their predicament at last.

Joe put on his coat and followed with Fanny.

When they issued from the ferry-house Joe saw the two boys who had intruded upon his companion standing a short distance away, watching the entrance.

He now got a square look at them, and he easily identified them as Pete McGinniss and Mike Grady.

As soon as they saw that he was with Fanny they walked off, but, nevertheless, Joe saw that they kept a sharp eye on him and the girl, and that they followed them at a distance.

The ferryboat boy didn't regard this as a good omen, and it worried him not a little.

Still there was no way out of the difficulty that he could see at present, and he said nothing to Fanny that would cause her alarm.

Joe wondered at the seeming prosperity of the two newsboys.

The personal appearance of both was so much improved that the boy had to admit that he scarcely would have known them if his attention had not been directly called to them by Fanny.

Of the two, Pete showed the greatest change.

Never before had Joe seen him with shoes on, or a decent pair of pants, not to speak of a coat, hat, clean shirt, collar and necktie.

His was certainly a marvelous transformation, and what brought it about Joe could not guess.

"He must have found a wad of money," he thought, "for he's certainly putting on a whole lot of style for him. I dare say he doesn't wear his new rig every day, but I imagine he doesn't go around barefooted any more."

Joe wouldn't have felt any special interest in Peter or his new clothes if it wasn't that he feared for the consequences, with respect to Fanny, of this meeting.

Something whispered to him that Peter would bring trouble to the girl, and if it wasn't that Fanny was with him he would have tried to have had the matter out with the young rascal and his companion right there and then.

He felt that he could not make any move against Pete under the circumstances, and so he and the girl walked slowly toward the flat-house where the Jenkinses lived, and presently arrived there.

Just before they entered the building Joe cast a furtive look around and saw Pete and Mike Grady a short distance behind.

## CHAPTER X.

### AN ANONYMOUS WARNING.

Fanny was received by Joe's aunt with open arms, the little woman remarking that the girl had improved very much for the better since the night that circumstances forced her to accept their humble hospitality.

Mr. Jenkins was not at home, as he worked Sundays as well as week-days, and Fanny was rather pleased that he was away, as she didn't like him much.

While the girl was talking with his aunt, Joe slipped downstairs and looked out to see whether Pete and Mike were hanging about the neighborhood.

They were not, much to the boy's satisfaction.

Had he known that they had hurried back to the ferry, taken a Tenth Street boat for Manhattan, and then made a bee-line for a particular tough neighborhood downtown, he would have gotten Fanny out of the house and back to Mrs. Burgess' without any unnecessary delay.

Not being gifted with second-sight, he didn't know the game that Pete and his crony were up to, and so Fanny remained two hours at the Jenkins flat, was treated to an early supper with Joe, and after being warmly invited to



come over again in the near future left for the ferry in her adopted brother's care.

When they landed at Twenty-third Street, Pete McGinniss, Mike Grady and a hard-featured man were on the watch for them.

They were spotted at once by Pete, who called the attention of his companions to them.

When they boarded a car bound west, the man and the two boys got into a night-hawk cab, which was waiting for them, and the driver was directed to keep pace with the car.

Joe and Fanny got out at Fourth Avenue and took a Madison Avenue car uptown.

The cab followed that car as it had the other, trailing on behind it when they reached the tunnel, and coming out after it at the other end, near Forty-second Street.

Turning up that street a short block the car entered Madison Avenue, with the cab swinging on not far in the rear.

After proceeding a few blocks, Joe and Fanny got out and were soon ascending the stoop of Mrs. Burgess' house.

Those in the cab took careful note of the number of the house, after which the vehicle went on to the corner, where Pete and Mike got out, and then the cab drove away with the man in it.

McGinniss and his crony walked back down the block and took up their position at the corner, where they had a full view of the house that now sheltered Joe and the girl.

Darkness came on and they walked back to a position directly opposite the residence of Mrs. Burgess, sat down on the bottom step of a high stoop and waited.

After a lapse of two hours, during which the ex-newsboys consumed a package of cigarettes between them, the front door of the opposite house opened and Joe came out.

Fanny accompanied him as far as the stoop and bade him good-by.

"Dat settles de matter," remarked Pete, as they watched Joe walk rapidly to the corner and stand there waiting for a downtown car. "De gal lives in dat house. We've got her spotted for fair. I s'pose she's one of dem maids wot waits on de lady of de house, curls her hair and does sich t'ings. She struck a swell job, but I reckon she won't last long arter dis. Mother Meiggs'll have somet'in' to say about de matter. She won't put on sich style when she moves down to Blank Street. And I guess she won't run away from de old woman in sich a hurry ag'in."

"She won't git de chance, will she, Petey?" grinned Mike, as they started to board the car following the one taken by Joe.

"But her life she won't. And Joe Judson won't be mad, will he, when he hears dat she's lost her fine job and gone nobody knows where. Dis is where we git back at him. He's dead stuck on her, but dat's all de good it will do him. He won't never get his eyes on her ag'in arter Mother Meiggs gets her flukes on de gal once more. I'd like to tell him so, arter she's missin', and see how he takes de news, only I guess it wouldn't be safe to do dat."

Pete and Mike remained on the car till it turned into Grand Street, then they went into a Bowery restaurant and had a square meal.

After leaving the eating-house they took a side street leading into the thickly populated tenement district on the East Side, and went on till they came to Blank Street, known to the police as a mighty tough locality.

The cops who patrolled this neighborhood had to watch out that they didn't get disliked, for a brick or some other hard ad thing was liable to drop on their heads when they weren't looking for it, and send them to the hospital or the undertaker.

They turned in through a low archway that at night looked as if it communicated with the infernal regions, and were soon knocking at the door of a rear building.

The door was opened on a chain and a hoarse voice demanded who was there.

"Pete McGinniss and Mike Grady," replied Pete.

The door was closed so that the chain could be unhooked, and then it was opened again to admit them, after which the chain was replaced and an iron bar put across the door.

The boys found themselves in a filthy entry, illuminated only by a candle which the person who had admitted them had brought with him.

Apparently they had been there before, for they did not wait for the man to lead the way, but pushed forward of their own accord.

Following their way in the semi-darkness, they passed one door and Pete laid his hand on the knob of the second.

They entered a low-ceiled room that was hazy with to-

bacco smoke and permeated with a compound of villainous smells.

It was hard to tell whether the odor of stale beer, or cheap whisky, or the contents of a pan sizzling on a small stove in the corner, predominated.

They each did their best to attract notice, and a weak stomach would have stood a poor show in the place.

There were three persons in the room—Mother Meiggs, who was attending to the culinary operations; the low-browed man who had accompanied the boys in the cab, and a young woman of twenty, whose dissipated looks might easily have passed her off as thirty.

The old hag had a clay pipe, with a short stem, in her mouth; the man had a wooden pipe from which he drew a cloud of smoke, while the young woman, whose fingers were stained with yellow, was carelessly puffing a cigarette that she had made herself.

The boys received a fraternal greeting, and after perching themselves on a couple of stools, got out cigarettes and added their quota to the smoke in the room.

The man who had let them in now appeared and blew out the candle.

He was cadaverous, hollow-eyed and hideous.

He also had a bad cough of the graveyard order.

A hunted look shone from the depths of his eyes, and he frequently glanced at the doorway as if there was something he dreaded on the other side of it.

Bad as the boys were, they were the most respectable-looking of the six now gathered in the room.

"Yer jest come in time for a sassage and a tater," said Mother Meiggs, with a villainous grin.

"Don't want nothin'," replied Pete. "We had our peck at a beanery."

"Did yer, now?" chuckled the haridan. "It's good to be flush these hard times. Well, Jim tells me yer've spotted the cage that holds my pretty bird, and that yer stayed back to make sure."

"She lives at the Mad'son Av'noo house, all right," replied Pete, nodding his head. "Doesn't she, Mike?"

"Dat's right," answered Grady.

"Yer kin swear to that, kin yer?"

"I kin swear on a stack of Bibles as high as one of dem skyscrapers downtown."

"Good boys!" cackled the hag. "I sha'n't forgit yer."

"Dat's right. Remember us in yer will," said Pete.

The sausages and fried potatoes, with bread and tea, were dished up on a dirty table, and the four adults got busy with their knives and forks, chiefly the former.

"Dat gal has a fine watch hangin' from a hook on her dress," said Pete. "Wot's de matter wit' Mike and me gettin' dat as our share of de business?"

"Is it a gold watch?" asked the hag.

"Sure it's gold," answered Pete.

"Yer want too much. That will have to pay the expenses I've been put to to git hold of her. Maybe I'll pay yer both five bones. Yer ought to be satisfied with that."

"Wot's five bones?" ejaculated Pete, in disgust. "Didn't we do wot you've been tryin' to do for the last six months—spot dat gal?"

"S'pose yer did? I ain't goin' to pay out no mint of money on that account."

"She's wort' a mint of money to yer. Yer've said so."

"What if she is? That's my business," snapped the hag.

"If ye're goin' to be a miser about it I wish I hadn't chipped in," replied Pete, in a disgruntled tone.

"Stow yer gab or yer won't git nothin'!" snarled Mother Meiggs. "I paid yer a raft of coin in Greenpoint to watch that young viper who got her away from me, and a deal of good it did me. Yer took me for an easy mark and worked me. Yer ain't done more'n yer ought ter do in bringin' me word about her to-day. Yer ought to consider yerself well paid. Ain't I put yer in the way of becomin' a flash tober if yer've got the talent? Ain't yer cuttin' it fat on what yer've learnt already? What more do yer expect me to do for yer?"

The old woman worked herself up into a state of virtuous indignation, as if she looked upon Pete McGinniss as the most ungrateful youth that drew the breath of life.

The rest of the company, barring Mike, who sided with Pete, nodded their approval of her sentiments.

They were all congenial spirits, while Pete and Mike were just breaking into the business, and were still regarded with some suspicion.

Pete had sense enough to see that further argument was useless, and he shut up, but his vindictive little nature



turned against Mother Meiggs, and he determined to get square with her.

He had counted on getting hold of that watch, and had agreed to give Mike half the value of it in money for his share, and now he easily saw that if Fanny had it on when she was caught he wouldn't get even a smail of it.

"Well, if he couldn't get the watch, Mother Meiggs shouldn't get it, either, if he could help it.

He'd put a spoke in her wheel.

He'd spoil her little game against Fanny Fair, and then gloat over her rage.

Next morning, about ten o'clock, Joe Judson received a not over-clean note, without an envelope, addressed to himself.

The head deck-hand handed it to him, saying a tough-looking boy had given it to him.

Joe opened the note, wondering who it could be from, and read as follows:

"Joe Judson—You and Fanny was follered yesterday afternoon to the hous in madson avnoo. Mother meigs has her spotted. If you dont want her kidnaped get busy. a man wil do the trick. Look out for him rite away cos he's on the job. a FRIEND."

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Joe, with a thrill of apprehension. "It must have been Pete and Mike who laid in wait for us and shadowed us to Mrs. Burgess' house. The young villains! I won't do a thing to them when I catch sight of them. I will have to warn Mrs. Burgess at once, for this is a mighty serious matter. I'll agree to help pay for a detective to guard Fanny whenever she goes out. It would be a terrible thing for her if Mother Meiggs got hold of her again. She might cripple her for life out of revenge, or might even beat her to death. There is no time to be lost."

When the boat reached its Twenty-third Street slip Joe got a sheet of paper and an envelope and wrote a note to Mrs. Burgess, in which he pointed out Fanny's danger very plainly.

He enclosed the illiterate note he had received from his unknown friend, whose identity he was at a loss to guess, and through the captain of the boat he arranged to have the letter conveyed to the residence of the sister of the president of the ferry company by a special messenger, representing that it was a matter of the utmost importance.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MISSING.

When Mrs. Burgess received Joe's note she was very much disturbed by it.

She decided to see her brother about it at once.

Accordingly, she dressed herself, sent for a cab and went to the bank.

The result of her interview with Mr. Story was the employment of a Pinkerton detective to watch the block for suspicious loiterers.

The detective was introduced to Fanny and got from her a good description of Mother Meiggs, as well as of some of the men who had occasionally called upon the hag in Dover Street, Greenpoint.

On the following day the detective arrested a low-browed man whom he had watched hanging around the neighborhood all the afternoon.

As he couldn't give a satisfactory explanation of his presence in that locality he was taken to police headquarters.

He was recognized as an old offender by the sleuths of Mulberry Street, and his picture was found in the Rogues' Gallery.

His record showed that he had spent a large part of his life in prison.

He was put through a kind of Third Degree without getting much from him.

Finally he was let go, but was shadowed by the Pinkerton man to Blank Street.

The detective made a report to Mr. Story, and two headquarters men were put on the case.

They located Mother Meiggs and would have arrested her, but at the last moment she managed to tip her off and she disappeared from Blank Street.

The Pinkerton man hovered around the neighborhood of Mrs. Burgess' house for a month, but as nothing of a suspicious nature happened during that time he was called off.

Fanny, however, was not permitted to go out alone, even in the daytime, and never at night.

In the meantime Joe kept an eye open for either Pete McGinniss or Mike Grady.

He had it in for both of them, never suspecting that the warning he had received about Fanny came from the former.

As far as he could find out they had disappeared from Greenpoint for good, so he finally gave up looking for them.

Thus six months more slipped away, and as many changes had been made in the hands of the ferryboat Osceola, Joe found himself the last one left of the force on board at the time he was hired.

With the retirement of the head deck-hand, Joe was promoted to that position, although so far as years were concerned he was the youngest hand aboard.

But he was regarded as by far the most efficient, and it was also known to the captain that he was studying to eventually fit himself for the post of mate of one of the boats of the line.

The captain was also aware that Joe had the backing of Mr. Story, the president of the company, although no direct request had ever come from that gentleman to advance the boy except on his merits.

Fanny continued to hold the place she won in Mrs. Burgess' heart, and was regarded almost as a daughter by that worthy Christian lady.

She had written to her father at the Massachusetts State prison soon after she went to live with Mrs. Burgess.

She received a brief reply from the warden of the prison stating that her father's term, reduced quite a number of months for good behavior, had expired and that he had been set free.

Fanny had been overjoyed to learn this, but her joy was much mitigated by her inability to discover, even with the help of Mr. Story, where her father had gone to.

Mrs. Burgess' brother communicated with the Boston police, and even offered to make it worth their while to locate George Fair, but the official who answered his letter could not throw any light on the man's whereabouts.

According to police regulations he was expected to report once a month, either in person or by letter, at police headquarters, for a certain time after his release from prison, but after turning up three times he failed to be heard from since.

So time passed, as we have said, and Fanny remained in complete ignorance as to whether her father was dead or alive.

It was about this time that Joe remembered about the pocketbook he had found.

He asked his aunt about it and she produced it from her bureau.

"I guess I can consider that money as belonging to me now," he said, taking out the \$60 and counting it over. "I'll put that in the bank with my other savings."

"How much will you have, Joe?" his aunt asked him.

"About \$250."

"That is quite a little nest-egg for a boy of your years."

"It isn't bad. I wonder who this Frederick Dellaven is? I saw him only for a moment or two that day the wallet dropped out of his pocket. Had I been certain at the moment that he had really pulled something out of his pocket with his handkerchief I would have rushed up to the spot in a hurry and then I might have been able to have overtaken him and returned it. As I only guessed I had seen something drop I took my time about investigating the matter and in that way lost all trace of him."

Joe looked the various memoranda over carefully, but they were unintelligible except to the owner.

Then he turned his attention to the newspaper clippings, which he had not looked at before.

The first he picked up was headed, "A Bank Cashier in Trouble."

As he glanced over the first few lines he uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"My gracious! Why, this is about Fanny's father!"

He began to read the story with no little eagerness and excitement.

"George Fair was arrested at his home on Anlover Street last evening at the instance of Frederick Dellaven, president of the Plymouth Rock Bank—"

"Frederick Dellaven!" exclaimed Joe. "Why, he must be the owner of this wallet, for that name is inscribed on the flap as plain as daylight. If I'd read this clipping at the time I first got hold of the book I could have written to the Plymouth Rock Bank, of Boston, and have returned it to him at once. Well, it's not too late to do that now, though I'm afraid the explanation I shall have to make to ac-



count for the delay in hunting the gentlemen up, with the clipping at my command, will look kind of odd. So the owner of this wallet is the man who sent Fanny's father to prison. And to think I should find it! I wonder what brought Mr. DeHaven all the way from Boston to Greenpoint? Probably he came to New York on business, and then had occasion to come over here. Well, I'll read the rest of this article. This clipping will, no doubt, furnish the particulars of George Fair's alleged crime."

Joe learned from the newspaper article that Fanny's father was accused of embezzling the sum of \$100,000.

The president made the discovery of the bank's loss in an accidental manner, and following the matter up found evidence that seemed to fasten the guilt on his trusted cashier.

The article wound up as follows: "George Fair will be arraigned before Magistrate Hogan this morning."

The next clipping gave a brief account of the examination of Fanny's father before the magistrate in question, and stated that the prisoner was held on the evidence of Frederick DeHaven.

The third clipping was a long one and referred to the trial of George Fair on the charge of embezzlement in a certain Boston court, and showed that the jury had found him guilty.

The last clipping was a mere paragraph which stated that Fanny's father had that day been sentenced by Judge Brown to seven years and six months in the State's prison.

Joe looked at the four clippings thoughtfully.

"I found this wallet a year ago, about the time that Mr. Fair was released from prison, after serving out his sentence. I wonder why Mr. DeHaven carried those newspaper articles about in his pocketbook so long?"

That was a conundrum that Joe couldn't answer.

"I must take this book and clippings with me when I visit Fanny to-morrow night," he said to himself. "Perhaps she can tell me something about the personal appearance of Mr. DeHaven, and then I will know if it corresponds with the gentleman who dropped the wallet. Still, she was only a little girl when her father was sent to prison. And she may only have seen the president of the bank once—the night he called with the detective to arrest Mr. Fair. She may hardly remember the gentleman."

As Joe was about to close the wallet he noticed a small compartment that he had not examined.

In it he found a card with "Frederick DeHaven" engraved upon it in script type.

On the back of it, in writing, were the words, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Then followed, "Memory, the course of a man's life," in red ink.

Finally, penciled underneath, Joe read: "Shall I ever find his child?"

The boy wondered what the writer was thinking about when he wrote those three lines, evidently at different times.

Joe made it a practice to call on Fanny every Sunday evening, and she was always expecting to see him at that time.

The affection the young people bore for each other was quite refreshing to Mrs. Burgess.

She honored the boy's loyalty to the girl he had rescued from a fate worse than death, and always accorded him a hearty welcome at her home.

Once she asked her brother to push the boy ahead, but he replied: "Don't worry about him. He'll get to the front of his own accord. He's got the stuff in him that spells success. Mark my words, Emily, he'll be the youngest captain in our service one of these days. All he needs is a fair show, and that, I promise you, he shall have."

When Joe went to Manhattan on the following evening he carried with him the wallet he had found, with everything intact except the \$50.

Joe was a little late that evening, owing to the fact that his car had been held up by a heavy automobile which had broken down across the track.

His ring was answered as promptly as usual, but the maid's face did not wear its customary smile.

"Mrs. Burgess is waiting for you in the sitting-room," she said, solemnly.

"Is she?" asked Joe, rather surprised at the salutation, and not detecting that anything was wrong.

He ran up the stairs, wondering what the lady of the house wanted to see him about, and expecting that Fanny would meet him at the door of the room as usual and spring into his arms for a hug and a kiss.

Fanny, much to his disappointment, was not at the door to greet him.

Mrs. Burgess advanced to meet him as he entered.

She looked worried and anxious.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but Fanny isn't home."

"Isn't home!" he exclaimed.

"No. And—I don't know where she is."

"You don't know where she is?" he almost gasped.

"She went to the Sunday school as usual at two o'clock, and should have been back about four. It is now half-past eight and she has had no dinner. I don't know what to think. I've telephoned my brother to come here, and I expect him any moment."

"You think something has happened to her, then?" said Joe, in a tone of alarm.

"I'm afraid to say what I think. I hope she has not been—"

"Not been what, Mrs. Burgess?" quivered the boy.

"Kidnapped by that wicked old woman."

"Great Scott!" palpitated Joe. "Don't say that. I couldn't bear to think of her in the hands of Mother Meiggs again. It would be worse than death."

The boy broke down and covered his face with his hands.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ON THE TRAIL OF THE CAB.

At that moment there was a ring at the front door, and in a few minutes Eliot Story came upstairs and was greeted by his sister.

She had briefly explained over the telephone that Fanny was unaccountably absent from home, and had begged him to come over to her house.

Joe braced up and a consultation between the three ensued.

"She left for Sunday school before two, you say, Emily?" said Mr. Story.

"Yes."

"You don't know positively that she was at the school, I suppose?"

"Yes. She's in the Bible class. The assistant minister teaches the class. I sent the maid to his house about five o'clock, when I began to get uneasy over her lengthened absence. He told the girl that Fanny was at Sunday school as usual and left with the others."

"That was when?"

"About four o'clock."

"She may have been persuaded to go home with one of her girl friends."

"She would not do that without letting me know."

"Then you fear she has met with an accident?"

"I don't know," replied his sister.

"I will telephone the nearest police station. I believe that's the twenty-third Precinct. The captain or sergeant will know if anything in the line of an accident has happened in this neighborhood."

"I don't believe she met with an accident," said Joe. "I'm afraid an agent of Mother Meiggs managed to get hold of her in some way," said the boy, gloomily.

Mr. Story, however, scouted the idea that the girl could have been carried off against her will in broad daylight, and he went to the telephone and got into touch with the police station.

He found out that no accident of any kind had been reported that afternoon in the precinct.

There was another ring at the doorbell.

Presently the maid came upstairs with a little boy of ten.

"This boy says he found a small wallet on the avenue near the corner of Fifty-first Street about half-past six," said the maid to her mistress. "She opened it and found one of your cards inside of it. Presuming that it belonged to you she sent the boy here with it."

"That's Fanny's wallet," exclaimed Mrs. Burgess, the moment her eyes rested on it. "She took it with her when she went to Sunday school."

She questioned the boy closely as to the exact place where he found the pocketbook, and he stated that it was near the curb at the northwest corner of Fifty-first Street.

The boy was then allowed to go.

Joe, after listening to the lad's statement, jumped up and said he was going out, but expected to be back presently.

He went up to Fifty-first Street and stood on the corner for a few minutes.

He crossed over to the southeast corner of the avenue, mounted the stoop of the corner house and rang the bell.

He asked for the gentleman of the house and was shown into the parlor.



When he came Joe asked him if any member of his family had noticed a public cab standing near the northwest corner of the avenue that afternoon about four o'clock.

The gentleman looked surprised at the question, but said he would ask his wife and daughters, who were in the house at that hour.

He returned with his youngest daughter, who told Joe that she had seen a cab standing near the corner, and that it was there some time.

She said that just before it drove away a well-dressed young man got out of it and raised his hat to a young girl who was walking down the avenue.

He spoke with her a moment or two and then led her toward the cab.

She said she thought the girl went rather reluctantly, and the next thing she saw the cab being driven away eastward along Fifty-first Street.

"And the girl was inside of it?" said Joe, in an agitated tone.

"I didn't see her get in, but she wasn't on the sidewalk when the cab drove away."

"Can you describe the girl?" asked Joe, excitedly.

The young lady did so, accurately enough to convince Joe that it was Fanny.

"Thank you," he said. "You have done me a great favor."

"Do you know that girl?" asked the young lady, curiously.

"I do. She is my adopted sister," he replied. "I am very much obliged to you for the information. It has thrown considerable light on a matter of grave importance. I suppose the cab was an ordinary one, miss?"

"It was very ordinary," she answered. "Quite shabby, in fact, and had a diamond-shaped patch of light-colored wood in the back."

"A diamond-shaped patch on the back!" exclaimed Joe, eagerly, for that was a clue of great value. "Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. I noticed it particularly."

He thanked them again, took his leave and hastened back to Mrs. Burgess's home, where he reported what he had learned.

The matter was laid before the police.

Mr. Story declared that no time was to be lost if the girl was to be rescued, as by that time she was probably in the hands of Mother Meiggs.

He wanted the smartest detectives detailed on the job, and offered a reward of \$1,000 to spur them on their task.

Three sleuths were called on to take the case in hand.

Joe told them what he had learned from the young lady and also expressed a strong desire to assist the detectives in their search.

They were not particularly anxious to have him do so, and one of them, after a wink at his associates, said to the boy:

"Well, if you want to help, I'll tell you what you can do as a starter. We are going out to try and locate the stable that sent out that cab. This may or may not take us some little time. While we are doing this you'd better take in the ferries on the East River, and make inquiries in regard to a cab answering as near as possible to the description furnished you by that young lady. Start with the Forty-second Street Ferry, which goes down the river to Broadway, Brooklyn. Then, if you learn nothing there, go on to the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry, which crosses to Hunter's Point. It is more than possible that as the cab was last seen heading toward the river along Fifty-first Street it crossed over to the Long Island shore by either of these ferries. If you learn anything worth reporting telephone the station here and we'll get it."

The boy took his words in good faith, and bidding Mr. Story good-night, started for the ferry at the foot of Forty-second Street.

He interviewed the wharf men, and the deckhands of the boat in the slip, but none of the people had noticed such a vehicle.

Disappointed with the outcome, he walked dejectedly down the river-front to the Hunter's Point Ferry at the foot of Thirty-fourth Street.

Then the first deckhand he struck told him that he had seen just such a cab drive aboard the boat about five o'clock.

Joe brightened up at once.

"Did you notice if there was a young girl inside the cab?" he asked, eagerly.

"There was," replied the man. "Her eyes were closed, and she was leaning back as if asleep, or indifferent as to her surroundings."

Joe knew he was on the right track now, so, after learning all the man had to say he went to the nearest drug-store and telephoned the facts to the Twenty-third Precinct Police.

Then he returned to the ferry and took the next boat to Hunter's Point.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### TRACKED TO COVER.

When Joe arrived on the other side of the river he began making inquiries about the cab again, as his object was to ascertain in what direction the vehicle had gone.

At length to his great satisfaction he found a policeman who had noticed the cab with the diamond-shaped patch.

The vehicle was proceeding at a smart trot out Borden Avenue, which was a long thoroughfare running to Calvary Cemetery.

It was now about eleven o'clock, and Joe didn't think that he would be able to accomplish anything more that night.

As a venture he sprang aboard a car that ran to the cemetery.

He was the only passenger, and after sitting a short time inside, he couldn't stand the pressure of his thoughts, so he walked out on the platform and entered into conversation with the conductor.

Joe, feeling that it would be a relief to talk about the matter, told the conductor how his adopted sister had been abducted late that afternoon from the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-first Street.

He said she had been carried off by a cab which he was trying to follow.

"Did it come out this way?" asked the man, interestedly.

"A policeman at the ferry told me he saw the cab driving straight out this avenue."

"How could he know that it was the cab you were after?" asked the conductor in some surprise.

"Because I described it to him. It was a shabby vehicle, with a diamond-shaped patch on the back."

"I saw such a cab, just at dark!" said the conductor.

"You did?" cried Joe, in some excitement. "Where?"

"On this avenue, out by the branch of Newtown Creek which connects with Dutch Kills."

"How came you to notice it?"

"It was the only vehicle near at the time, and its shabby appearance, coupled with the diamond-shaped patch, attracted my attention. Just as we passed it the driver turned off the avenue and began to follow the course of the creek branch. I wondered what he did that for, and kept the cab in sight until I saw it stop in front of an old building standing beside the creek. By that time my car was so far away that the gathering darkness shut out any further sight of the vehicle."

"By George!" exclaimed the delighted Joe. "It was fortunate that I came to get aboard of your car. You have put me on the right track. You must let me off at the place where the cab turned off this avenue, and I'll go on to that house and see what I can find out."

"I will do so, of course; but it seems to me that you are undertaking what may prove a dangerous piece of business for you. That's a lonesome locality out there, particularly at night. Nobody but rascals would be in the kidnapping business, and if they catch you butting in on them it seems likely that they'll do you up to save themselves from the consequences of capture."

"I'm not going to let them catch me if I can help myself. In any case I'm going to save my adopted sister from the terrible fate that menaces her if it costs me my life," said Joe, resolutely.

"I can see that you're a brave young chap," said the conductor, regarding him with a look of admiration; "but wouldn't it be better for you and the girl herself if you took the next car we pass back and notified the police how matters stand?"

"No," replied Joe. "I must find out whether Fanny Fair is in that house or not before I decide on what course I shall follow. I'll tell you what you can do to help me. You can telephone the police yourself when you get back, let them know the particulars that I have told you, state where you saw the cab stop, and tell them I am out there on the watch. No doubt a couple of detectives will be sent to look into the case."

"I'll do it," replied the conductor.

Fifteen minutes later the car crossed a small bridge.



"Here's where the cab turned out," said the conductor, pulling the bell strap. "It followed the creek in that direction toward Dutch Kills."

"All right," answered the boy. "Good-night, and don't fail to notify the police."

"I won't fail. Good luck to you," replied the conductor, as the car sped on, leaving Joe standing beside the track.

The night was dark and overcast, and a cold breeze swept across the lonesome landscape.

Joe crossed the avenue and started to follow the course of the creek.

After going less than a quarter of mile he saw the dark outlines of a building looming up ahead.

He saw that it was right on the edge of the water and judged that it was the house at which the cab had stopped.

As Joe cautiously approached the building he heard the sound of voices coming from a side stoop, and he saw the glowing tips of lighted cigarettes shining through the darkness.

He immediately dropped down in the rank vegetable overgrowth that grew all about the house and tried to hear what they were talking about.

"Dere's no use talkin', Petey, de old woman is about as foxy as dey come," said the voice of Mike Grady, which Joe recognized at once.

"Dat's wot," replied Pete McGinniss, blowing out a cloud of smoke from his nose. "De hawks will never track de gal to dis caboose. Dey'll look for her in de city. Arter de scent gets cold den Mother Meiggs'll take her back to Bostin and see wot we can make out'r her."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### JOE RESCUES FANNY AND GETS POSSESSION OF A BAG OF PLUNDER.

Joe Judson, from his place of concealment in the high vegetation, heard every word that passed between Pete McGinniss and his crony, Grady.

From that he learned that Fanny was a prisoner in the garret, and that besides the two young scamps themselves there were three adults in the house—Mother Meiggs and the two crooks, Bug Davis and Jim Swift.

The crooks were asleep in a room on the second floor under the garret.

Mother Meiggs probably occupied another room on the same floor.

Pete's proposition to lift the proceeds of some big burglary, because he and his pals were going to be unfairly dealt with by the experienced thieves, rather astonished Joe.

It struck him right away that Pete's scheme to get away with the plunder taken from the banker's house, if successful, was likely to prove advantageous to him.

Their disappearance from the scene would leave the house unguarded, as it seemed, from McGinniss's words, that they were expected to watch till morning while the others slept.

Under those circumstances Joe earnestly hoped the young scamps would succeed in their design, proving that "honor among thieves" was a fallacy.

"It would be a shame to let them escape with that stuff, though, if I could prevent them doing so without queering my own plans," said Joe to himself. "One hundred thousand dollars' worth of plunder is a mighty big lot. If I could recover it and return it to the banker who was robbed, I'd be likely to get a good reward. I wonder how I could manage it if those chaps come out with the valise? I'd have to follow them some distance from the house, then knock them over in the dark from behind, snatch the valise and hide it somewhere that I could find it again. After that I could return to the house and make my attempt to rescue Fanny. There's one great difficulty I'd be up against in interfering with Pete and Mike, and that is, after they lost the valise they'd probably return to the house, and that wouldn't do at all for me. Fanny is more important to me than saving \$100,000 worth of property belonging to a stranger. She must be the first consideration. It won't pay me to attack these young rascals unless I can knock them out so they won't be able to interfere with me afterward. How can I do that?"

It was a weighty problem for Joe to solve.

As he couldn't hope to enter the house at present, even if he found entrance without difficulty, he started to look around the immediate vicinity.

While he was thus engaged he heard voices behind him, and drawing to one side perceived that Pete and Mike had accomplished their purpose successfully sooner than he expected, and were making for Hunter's Point Avenue.

Joe let them pass and then followed stealthily behind them.

Suddenly he heard a cry from each and saw them disappear into the ground.

He walked carefully forward, wondering what had happened to them, and came almost as suddenly as they had on the mouth of a big hole.

On the very edge stood the valise, containing the plunder, which had slipped out of Pete's fingers.

Joe looked down into the hole, but only blackness met his gaze.

He ventured to strike a match and flash it down.

The hole was about twelve feet deep and the two boys lay in a heap, senseless, at the bottom.

"They're safe for a while to come," said Joe to himself, with a feeling of satisfaction. "I'll have time to carry out my plans before they recover consciousness. In the meantime I'll take possession of this valise and hide it."

He found it quite heavy, but that fact didn't bother him.

He carried it to a row of dense shrubbery near the avenue, shoved it well under the bushes, and then started back for the house.

He tried the door opening on the porch where he had discovered the boys sitting when he first came up, and, as he expected, found it not secured.

Closing the door after him, he removed his shoes and placed them conveniently near the entrance, then he crept forward and peered into a room where he saw a lamp burning.

There was no one in the room, so he turned to the stairs leading to the floor above and noiselessly ascended.

There were two doors leading into different rooms before him.

One of them stood open.

Joe glanced in.

"Good enough. The crooks are in there. The other room is no doubt occupied by Mother Meiggs," breathed the boy. "The garret, Pete said, is above this room, and yonder is the stairs. Now to rescue Fanny, if I have good luck!"

Like a shadow he slipped up the narrow stairs, and when he reached a low-ceiled landing he quietly struck a match.

A door faced him, and his heart gave a great thump when he saw that it was secured on the outside by a new bolt.

He pushed it back without making any noise, opened the door and entered the attic.

Right before him, on an old mattress, lay Fanny, asleep, exhausted by grief and despair.

The problem before Joe was to awaken her without allowing her to make an outcry.

He put his hand over her mouth and called, "Fanny!" in her ear.

She awoke with a start, but lay still, apparently dazed and not realizing her situation.

"Fanny, it is I—Joe. Don't utter a sound. You are in peril, in the attic of the house with Mother Meiggs, and I have come to save you. Do you understand me?"

She knew his voice instantly.

"Dear, dear Joe!" she breathed through his fingers, struggling up and throwing her arms about his neck.

He saw she could be trusted now, and their lips met in a warm kiss.

"Wait a moment till I see if the coast is clear," he said.

He slipped over to the door, opened it, leaned over the railing and listened.

There was nothing stirring below.

He returned to Fanny, took her in his arms and carried her outside, then slowly and carefully downstairs to the second landing.

Here he put his own shoes on, opened the door and drew Fanny outside, closing it after him.

Taking her by the hand he led her in the direction of Hunter's Point Avenue in order to get possession of the valise with the plunder, taking care to avoid the hole at the bottom of which Pete and Mike were still lying unconscious.

His purpose was then to return with Fanny to Border Avenue, and walk the track in the direction of the ferry, hoping that they might be overtaken by a car.

Fanny told him how she had been persuaded to go up to the cab standing on the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-first Street.

As she approached the corner on her way from Sunday school she noticed the vehicle standing near the crossing.

At that moment a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man who happened to be Jim Swift, the crook, stepped up to her and, raising his hat politely, said: "Pardon me, miss. There



is a lady in that cab who seems to be very ill. Would you mind stepping over and asking her if you can do anything for her? She seems afraid of me."

As she came up to the open cab door she was suddenly seized from behind and pushed in by the crook, who slammed the door with one hand and grabbed her by the throat with the other, stifling the scream that rose to her lips.

As the cab started off down the street a large sponge saturated with chloroform was held over her face, preventing her from making a sound and quickly rendering her insensible.

She remembered nothing more till she came to her senses in the garret of the house and saw Mother Meiggs's villainous countenance looking triumphantly down upon her.

After being left alone she had cried till she fell asleep through utter exhaustion, and the next thing she knew was being aroused to find herself in dear Joe's arms.

As soon as she finished, Joe fished the valise with plunder out of the bushes, and they were about to retrace their steps when the familiar "chug, chug," of an automobile, coming down Hunter's Point Avenue, arrested their attention.

## CHAPTER XV.

### EVERYTHING IS BROUGHT TO A HAPPY CONCLUSION.

Joe looked up the avenue and saw the twin headlights of the machine approaching at a lively clip.

He decided to try and stop it and beg transportation for himself and Fanny to the ferry, pleading exceptional circumstances.

How to do this in the dark was a poser.

Then he noticed at his feet a discarded newspaper.

Snatching it up he quickly rolled it into a torch, ignited it with a match and dashed to the centre of the avenue, waving it aloft and calling on the chauffeur to stop.

The man on the front seat, wondering what was wrong, shut off the power and applied the brakes, bringing the auto to a stop near Joe.

There were two persons in the machine—the chauffeur and a stout, fine-looking man on the back seat.

Joe called Fanny over and walked up to the side of the car.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to the stout man, who looked at him inquiringly, "but I stopped your auto to ask you a great favor. I have just rescued this young girl from a gang of crooks who kidnapped her from New York this afternoon."

"What's that?" cried the owner of the machine, astonished at his words.

Joe repeated his statement, and appealed to Fanny for corroboration.

"It is a long distance from here to the ferry, particularly for a girl to walk at this hour of the night. Would you permit us to ride as far in that direction as you are going?"

"Certainly," replied the gentleman. "I am going as far as upper Fifth Avenue, Manhattan. Step in, young lady. You, young man, may ride on the front seat."

The auto then resumed its way.

On the journey Joe told the chauffeur the story of Fanny's abduction, and how he had been so fortunate as to be able to trace the cab and so track the girl to the house she had been carried to.

Then he narrated the particulars of her rescue, without making any reference whatever to Pete McGinnis and Mike Grady, or to the valise at his feet.

While Joe was entertaining the chauffeur with the events of the afternoon and night, Fanny told her own story to the owner of the vehicle, whose name was Fox.

After that they chatted quite pleasantly together until the auto reached the ferry and ran aboard the waiting boat.

"The police system of New York is very much out of joint," remarked the chauffeur to Joe. "It is certainly time some improvement was made in the force when a young girl can be abducted on a public street in open daylight. Years ago my own daughter and only child was abducted from Boston on the night following her mother's death," he said, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "and she has been lost to me ever since. I have searched for her ever since I got out of—"

He stopped suddenly, and was about to go on when Joe, who had listened to his words in great surprise, said:

"Why, Miss Fair was abducted from Boston under similar circumstances six years ago."

The chauffeur turned and grasped his arm with a vise-like pressure.

"Miss Fair!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "To whom do you refer?"

"Why, to Fanny Fair, behind us, of course," replied Joe.

"My Heaven! Fanny Fair was my daughter's name."

He turned and looked searchingly at the girl in the gloom of the ferry-boat.

"Your daughter!" ejaculated Joe, his voice trembling with excitement. "You don't mean to say that your son is George Fair, once cashier of the Plymouth Rock Bank, of Boston?"

"I am that man."

"Then that's your daughter! Fanny, don't scream, please, but this is your father!"

"My father!" she cried, springing to her feet in her agitation.

The chauffeur sprang over his seat and grasped the girl.

"Are you Fanny Fair, my child? Was your mother's name Lucy?"

"Yes, yes!" sobbed the girl, in great excitement.

"Then you are indeed my child—my Fanny!" he cried, clasping her to his heart. "Thank Heaven, I have found you at last—at last!"

The owner of the auto was simply paralyzed by this remarkable climax, while the girl lay sobbing hysterically in her father's arms.

By this time the boat was entering her slip at Thirty-fourth Street, and it was three o'clock in the morning.

When the auto reached Madison Avenue near Forty-eighth Street it had been decided that the girl was to return to Mrs. Burgess, so as to relieve that good lady's anxiety, and that her father was to call around and see her next morning.

The machine stopped at the door of the house and Joe ran up the stoop and rang the bell furiously.

After a wait the maid came downstairs and opened the door.

"I've got Fanny!" said the boy, exultantly.

The maid uttered an exclamation of delight, and then Fanny, after hugging and kissing her father, ran up the steps, threw her arms around Joe's neck and kissed him, too, then sprang through the door into the house.

After the owner got out, George Fair took the machine around to a garage close by, and then he and Joe walked back.

"That seems like a weighty valise you've got there," said the chauffeur.

"It is, and a valuable one, too."

Then he told Mr. Fair that it was the plunder taken from some banker's house that Jim Swift and Bug Davis had burglarized recently.

"Why, our house was robbed three nights ago of nearly \$100,000 worth of property, mostly diamonds and other valuable jewelry belonging to Mrs. Fox," said Mr. Fair.

"Then maybe this plunder that I recovered was taken from his house."

"If it is you are a lucky boy, for Mr. Fox has offered a reward of \$20,000 for its recovery."

On reaching the mansion the banker was notified of the matter, and an examination of the contents of the valise showed that it did contain all of Mrs. Fox's stolen jewelry.

It never rains but it pours, is an old saying, and in this instance another event directly affecting George Fair was recorded, in a paragraph telegraphed from Boston, in the morning papers.

It referred to the suicide of Frederick DeHaven, president of the Plymouth Rock Bank, and stated that Mr. DeHaven had left a paper exonerating George Fair of the crime for which he had been unjustly convicted and punished, and admitting that he himself had been the guilty man.

After a year Joe confessed to Fanny that he loved her dearer than a brother, and asked her if she cared for him enough to be his wife some day.

With her father's permission, her answer was as favorable as he could wish.

Two years later they were married, just one month after Joe was promoted to be captain of the Osceola, and thus by watching his chance and improving it the former Greenpoint newsboy rose step by step from Ferry Boy to Captain.

Next week's issue will contain "A GAME FOR GOLD; OR, THE YOUNG KING OF WALL STREET."

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## CURRENT NEWS

For the past thirty years Mrs. Jacob Hopple, of Freeburg, Pa., suffered intense pains in the middle of the back but could not account for it. The other day a festering appeared in the region and when it was opened a needle came out. Mrs. Hopple now remembers it having broken off in her back when she was a little girl, forty years ago. The pain has now left, she says.

The completion of San Diego Station marks the welding of the third link in a chain of five wireless stations for the United States Navy, extending from Washington, D. C., to Cavite, P. I., via the Canal Zone, Panama. The new station has three towers each 600 feet high, and it is to operate in conjunction with the two stations already in service at Washington and Panama, and with the proposed station at Pearl Harbor, Honolulu. The latter, when realized, will connect the Philippines with the United States.

The skeleton of a diminutive antelope, said by scientists to have lived in the vicinity of California many centuries ago, has been placed on exhibition at the Los Angeles County Museum. The skeleton was unearthed at La Brea asphalt pits, near Los Angeles, recently. The skeleton is nineteen and one-fourth inches tall, just twice the height of the ordinary jackrabbit. Most of the bones were well-preserved by the oil of the ancient lake, from which the bones of many varieties of prehistoric animals have been taken.

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has prepared a new chart of the Passaic and Hackensack rivers. Up to now the Passaic river had been charted on a large scale only to a short distance above Newark and only the mouth of the Hackensack river has been shown. The new chart includes both rivers from their junction at the head of Newark bay as far as the cities of Passaic and Hackensack. The magnitude of the industrial interests served by these rivers is shown by the fact that the value of the traffic borne upon their waters amounted in 1914 to \$81,489,426.

Instead of an ax and saw to remove the tops of trees that are to be used as masts in logging operations, dynamite is used to shoot off the tops. After the branches have been removed, a rigger climbs the tree, with a set of irons, to the point where it is necessary to cut off the top. Here the trunk is usually about twelve inches in diameter, according to the Engineering Record. The rigger ties a string of dynamite cartridges, fastened end to end

like sausages, around the trunk at this point, inserts a blasting cap with about twenty feet of fuse in one of these sticks, lights the end of the fuse, and descends before the explosion takes place. The tree-top jumps into the air with the explosion and the trunk is left ready for attaching the rigging for dragging in and loading the logs.

The Zeppelin L-33, recently brought down near London, proved to be one of the largest and latest in the German service. It carries four gondolas in which are mounted six Mercedes engines, each of 240 horsepower. There are five propellers, and it is estimated that the airship carried 2,000 gallons of petrol in her various tanks. She is fitted with no less than sixty bomb-droppers. The ship is 680 feet long, and her total estimated weight, with her crew of twenty-two officers and men, is fifty tons. She carried seven guns, including five Maxim machine guns.

Sailors on the Atlantic Fleet will have an opportunity next spring to visit the Panama Canal and see that engineering undertaking. According to the schedule of the Atlantic Fleet announced by the Navy Department, the cruiser force, the active destroyers and the mine and train force are due to make a five-day visit to the canal during the period of fleet exercises between March 17 and March 26. Thousands of young men making their first cruise will therefore be afforded the chance of viewing for themselves the construction and operations of the canal. While no formal arrangements have yet been made, it is expected that a programme will be prepared by the canal authorities, working in conjunction with Admiral Mayo of the Atlantic Fleet, whereby all the men will have the opportunity to make a sight-seeing trip.

The gauge of the Russian railroads is about one foot wider than that of the German railroads. Hence the Russians during their retreat after the battle of Tannenberg believed that the Germans would be unable to use their narrower-gauge locomotives and cars on the Russian lines. The Germans, however, moved one of the rails a foot inside its former position. At the same time they ruined the track for Russian use, by sawing off the ties just outside the shifted rails. The Russians came back and on their next retreat exploded a cartridge at each rail-joint, mashing the joint and bending in the abutting rail ends so that cars could not pass. This involved for the Germans the huge task of bringing up new steel and re-laying the entire track. The job was completed.



# ON TOP

## OR

### THE BOY WHO GOT THERE

By ED KING

(A SERIAL STORY.)

#### CHAPTER X (Continued).

"You are very kind," he made reply. "We are working our way West to Montana. We have no money, and have been trying to find work here in Buffalo."

"Where did ye come from?" asked Burns.

"From Hilldale."

"Ye're country boys, I see! Well, that's not agin ye. What kind of work do ye want? I don't mind giving ye a lift if I can. Did ye ever work around horses?"

"Not race-horses," replied Tiff. "But I think we could soon learn."

"Do ye?" said Sailor Jack skeptically. "I've been with 'em all my life. I've slept with 'em, and ridden and driven 'em, but I don't begin to know 'em yet."

"Well," said Tiff, "we would be glad to do our best."

"Then ye'd take a job of that kind?"

"We'll take anything!" burst out Tug.

"Anything that's honest," corrected Tiff.

"Oh, I see," said Sailor Jack, looking meditatively at Tiff. "Ye're like a brother of mine. He thinks I'm doomed because I smoke and drink a little. He's studying to be a priest. But I'm not so bad as I look, at that. However, it's a free country. Now, I've taken a shine to you chaps. I'm going as far as Chicago with Sadie Mack. She starts there Saturday in the Western Stakes. If you'll come down to the car with me I'll stow ye away under the straw, and when we get to Chicago I'll get ye a job as swipes during the races. It's not so bad! Ye'll be jogging horses next, and many of the best drivers begin just that way."

Tiff looked at Tug, and each read approval in the other's eyes. Tiff had no idea of adopting the trotting turf as a livelihood.

But here was an opportunity to earn their passage to Chicago, which would be another long jump toward their destination. So he at once made reply:

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Burns, to make us this generous offer. Of course, we will be glad to accept, and some time we may be able to repay the favor."

"That's all right," said Sailor Jack, with a sweeping gesture. "I don't do things fer pay. I've been down on my luck more than once. I know that it's the way of the world to hold a man down when he

gets down. But I don't believe in it. Now I'm goin' over to the track to get things ready fer shipping Sadie Mack. If ye want ye can go along with me."

"We are ready," declared Tiff.

"That's the talk."

Burns arose, and the two boys followed him with light hearts. While the job was not altogether to Tiff's liking, still he felt that it was better to accept it. He could see nothing dishonorable in taking care of a race-horse, though the associations of a race-track might not be exactly to his taste.

It took some time for them to cross the city and reach the gates of the Buffalo Trotting Park.

When they finally entered the grounds and saw the smooth course, with its dozens of fine horses jogging or speeding for exercise, they felt the exhilaration of the scene.

Burns led the way to the stables. It was evident that he was well known, for he was accosted by trainers and jockeys on all sides.

Presently they came to a stable, before which hung some fine blankets and the accompaniments of a trotter. The great box-stall was knee deep in fine straw, and the walls were hung with boots and fancy bridles and bits. The famous clean-limbed racing mare was being led up and down for exercise outside the stable by a stable boy.

"Now," said Burns in a low tone. "Put up a good bluff. There's Jimmie Gaines, the driver, over there talking with Colonel Pulsifer, Sadie Mack's owner. The two boys we have working on the mare now we will leave behind. I'll put in a word for you to Jimmie. He won't refuse Sailor Jack anything."

"You are doing a great deal for us," said Tiff. "I hope you are not doing too much, or inconveniencing yourself."

Sailor Jack laughed.

"Oh, say, you're just like my brother. You're too much afraid of imposing on people. You'll never get through this world at all. You want to cultivate a little bit of cheek."

Just at that moment Gaines, the driver, shook hands in adieu with the tall colonel, and now approached. Burns held up his hand.

"See here, Jimmie!"

"Eh? What's up, Sailor?" asked the driver, as he glanced inquiringly at Tiff and Tug.



"Nothin' much. Only as we are goin' to drop our two boys here when we ship the mare to Chicago, I want to take along a couple of friends of mine. Mr. Clark and Mr. Ward, this is ther best trottin' horse driver in America, Mr. Jimmie Gaines."

Gaines made a playful crack at the Sailor with his whip.

"Oh, say, Burns, don't get funny! It's a joke he's always putting up on me, boys."

"We are glad to know you, Mr. Gaines," said Tiff cordially. "I have no doubt Burns states the truth."

The driver smiled, but was evidently pleased and said:

"Taken a fancy to the turf, have you? It's a hard life, boys."

"I think we shall like it," said Tiff, remembering Burns' adjuration to put up a bluff. "I love horses. There is no more noble animal."

"That's right," agreed the driver. "Get the mare ready for the car, Sailor. The freight pulls out at seven-thirty. Take anybody along whom you please. It'll be all right."

Burns winked at the boys and then motioned them to follow him into the stall. The driver strode away.

"It's all right, kids," said the Sailor. "You'll get a free lift to Chicago now. We have a special car for Sadie, and we can take anybody or anything in it we please. Now take hold here and help me clean up things. Those two strikers out there have been paid off, and their time is up."

Burns whistled to the boy who was leading the race mare. The pretty little animal was led into the stall and dressed in hood and blanket for her trip to the railroad station.

The sulky and harness were already packed, and were soon placed aboard an express wagon. Burns sat in the rear of the wagon and led the mare, while Tiff and Tug rode on the seat with the driver.

At the Buffalo freight station the trotting mare was led into the car, which was knee deep in straw. A cot bed occupied one end of the car. Burns proceeded to hang the car with blankets.

Tiff and Tug both helped him. It was later in the day that the train pulled out and went booming on its way westward.

That ride to Chicago on the stock freight train neither of the boys ever forgot. There were other cars on the train with trotters, and men on their way to Chicago also.

At times these followers of the trotting turf fraternized, and the men visited each other in the different cars. There was a predilection to cards and to bad whisky among some of them, but Burns allowed nothing of the kind in his car.

It was a wild, free life and a novelty to the boys, which they enjoyed. It appealed to their adventurous spirit, and Tiff felt himself being led into the excitement of it all.

Before Chicago was reached their sympathies were loyally with the little trotting mare, and Tug said:

"I say, Tiff, I want to see that little mare trot a

race. I'd give anything to see her win the Western Stakes."

"So would I," agreed Tiff. "But it would mean staying a week in Chicago."

"What of that? We can be at work as rubbers or swipes and earning a little money at the same time."

Tiff was imbued with the same desire, and he said:

"All right, Tug. I see no harm in it. We will stay with Burns until after Sadie has raced for the Western Stakes. Neither of us has ever seen a race on a big track like the Chicago track, and it will be worth our while."

Tug turned a somersault in the straw.

"Hooray!" he cried. "I know our horse will win."

## CHAPTER XI.

### RASCALLY WORK.

Sailor Jack was pleased that the boys had decided to remain with him until after the big race.

"Ye won't be sorry for it," he said. "Perhaps ye'll like it well enough to stay right along. There's a good living for a man who saves his money."

Tiff did not commit himself. But the two boys took up their new occupation with spirit. They rapidly learned the business of rubbing, bandaging, and caring for a race-horse.

At Chicago Sadie Mack was installed in a comfortable stall at the race-track.

The two boys now began to see life in its most exciting phase.

Hundreds of fine horses were quartered at the track, and, with their owners, drivers and helpers, made things lively. Every morning Sadie Mack was given her exercise jog, and later in the day a speed trial. Jimmie Gaines drove her in the latter, but the stable boys always had the privilege of jogging the mare. It was the first time Tiff had ever held the reins over a fast horse.

There was an excitement to life about the race-track which was stimulating, and might have fascinated a youth of less set purpose than Tiff Clark.

But Tiff could see the superficiality of it all, and looked beyond to better things. He did not for a moment depart from his original plans.

Tug, however, had a positive predilection for the race-track. It appealed completely to his temperament.

When race day came finally, it found the little trotting mare Sadie Mack as "fit as a fiddle," as the saying goes.

"She'll go the race of her life to-day," the Sailor declared. "And no more can be asked."

Colonel Pulsifer came around to the stable in high spirits. He complimented Sailor Jack and the boys.

"You have done well by the little mare," he said. "If she wins to-day I shall make you a present of fifty dollars each."

(To be continued.)



## FACTS WORTH READING

### WALKING ON WATER.

An Italian electrician has invented an ingenious form of water-shoe to which he gives the name of "hydro ski." Compared with so-called water-shoes or skis already on the market it differs in the method of propulsion. Unlike forms introduced in the past, the present shoes, which are canvas pontoons, are provided with two sets of cross arms or axles to which paddles are fitted to their extremities.

The paddle is fastened to one pontoon by means of an eccentric axle, explains Popular Science Monthly, and to the other pontoon by another electric axle. These axles are not in alignment, so that by shifting the weight of the body from one shoe to the other alternately, the paddle wheel is turned at a fair rate of speed with very little effort. Steering is facilitated by the use of a double-blade paddle, which also enables the operator to maintain his balance.

### TRIES TO CHLOROFORM BEES.

Having closed an open fireplace in the dining-room of his home four years ago, A. P. Boehm, Vice-President of B. Altman & Co., living at Montclair, N. J., decided recently to have a workman remove the sheet of iron which shut off the chimney.

Mr. Boehm had closed the fireplace because of bees, which insisted on hiving in the chimney and occasionally visited the dining-room. The workman who tackled the job soon became aware of the presence of the bees and feared that perhaps chloroform, let down the chimney, might take some of the ambition out of the insects. It did, and he started to remove the sheet of iron.

It was heavy and he had hardly moved it an inch when a stream of honey began to pour down into the fireplace. Pails, pans, and finally a wash boiler were used to hold the honey.

But when it was tasted it had a peculiar flavor and odor.

### NO JAIL CAN HOLD HIM.

Nothing could hold him, that no prison could hold him, John Mohr, alias "Muller" and "Moore," escaped from Sing Sing Prison early the other morning. As on previous occasions, he succeeded in getting out by sawing iron bars.

Mohr acted as orderly in the prison hospital, where he was last seen by the patients. When the prisoners were counted, he was gone. He had sawed his way through the window of the hospital bathroom.

His absence was not promptly discovered because he had sawed a single iron bar at the top and re-

placed it on going out. The guard who tested the bars sounded them at the bottom.

From the bathroom window Mohr, the prison's officials say, jumped to the roof of an adjoining building and then to a lower one. He was then sixteen feet from the ground, to which he jumped. Then he scaled the iron picket fence on the Hudson river side. That no guard saw Mohr climb over the fence led to the belief that he might be a stowaway, a theory that was soon abandoned.

The only record of Mohr's previous crimes on file at Sing Sing is that which is on the Bertillon card giving his measurements. It shows that he was sentenced by Judge Humphreys of Queens County, to serve from two years and six months to four years on a charge of carrying concealed weapons, as a second offender. He had served about one and a half years of that.

Officers of the prison and inmates who claimed to know something of Mohr's record said that he had sawed his way out of the Queens County Jail and out of the prison at Comstock.

### NEW USES FOR PINEAPPLES.

The pineapple production of the Hawaiian Islands for 1916 will approximate 2,500,000 cases of canned product. In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1916, there were imported into the United States from Hawaii fresh pineapples to the value of \$52,928 and canned pineapples worth \$5,986,160.

Years ago the pineapple canneries cored, pared and trimmed the pineapples, and then, slicing the pine, graded it by sizes into cans. The cores, parings and trimmings were treated as refuse and thrown into great piles. These refuse heaps were taken cognizance of by the Board of Health, and as the result of discussions as to methods for destroying same the pineapple companies themselves decided that by-products could be made from the refuse and form a valuable part of the income. The one-time refuse is now converted into a mash from which pineapple juice is extracted, the cores are cut into cubes and used in the manufacture of glace fruit, and to-day no part of the pineapple is lost.

One of the valuable by-products is pineapple vinegar. It is now placed on the market at an average price of forty cents a gallon. It lacks the "shuddery" effect of ordinary raw vinegar, and it is considered by Honolulu housewives to be far superior to other kinds for use in the preparation of mayonnaise dressing. The vinegar was first prepared by Byron O. Clark, the pioneer pineapple grower of the Hawaiian Islands, who came to the islands from California in 1898 as a member of an association of American farmers who located at Wahiawa, island of Oahu, about twenty miles from Honolulu.



# GOOD AS WHEAT

OR

## THE BOY WHO WAS ALL RIGHT

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY.)

### CHAPTER II (Continued).

Without replying, the youth played again.

This time it was an old-fashioned melody that his hearers had undoubtedly heard many times in years gone by, and when he finished they were silent.

Could it be that somewhere in their makeup there was a good spot, and that the music had touched this spot?"

It really seemed so.

Bob Hardy tucked the violin and bow under his arm, took off his cap, and advancing a couple of steps, held the cap out.

The leader of the trio drew a piece of silver from his pocket and tossed it into the cap.

The other two followed his example.

"Thanks, gentlemen," said Bob, with a smile and bow. "You are liberal, I must say. I would be willing to play for you all day at that price, but business calls me, and I must go."

He placed the money in his pocket, donned his cap, placed the violin and bow back in the case, and went on:

"I suppose you have no objection to my going?"

Whether or not they would have objected will never be known, for at that moment came the sound of hoofbeats, and the leader of the trio cried excitedly:

"Scout, boys! The soldiers are coming!"

The three turned and dashed in among the trees at the side of the trail, and as they disappeared, around a bend seventy-five yards distant came seven or eight of Uncle Sam's troopers.

They passed when near the boy, who stood calmly in the middle of the trail, and their leader, a handsome man of perhaps forty years, wearing the uniform of a captain, asked:

"Young man, have you seen any masked men along the trail anywhere?"

"Three masked men were here a moment ago," replied Bob Hardy.

"Where did they go?" eagerly.

"In among the trees there," pointing.

"Dismount, men, and we will go in pursuit!" the captain cried.

The troopers leaped to the ground, and leaving one to take care of the horses, the others dashed into the timber and disappeared.

Bob looked at the soldier who was holding the horses and said:

"I didn't know there were any soldiers in this part of the country."

"There's a fort down close to Silverton," was the reply.

"So that's it, eh?"

"Yes; did the road agents hold you up?"

"That's what they did."

"Did they get your money?"

Bob Hardy laughed.

"I only had ten cents. I have that yet."

The trooper laughed.

"It's a wonder they didn't take it. They would have done so if we hadn't put in an appearance, likely."

"I think not; on the other hand, I got some money out of them," and the boy showed a silver coin.

The trooper stared.

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"Played it out of them."

"Eh?"

Bob tapped the violin case with his finger.

"I played some on my violin and then passed my cap, and they contributed."

The soldier stared harder than ever, and then he burst into a laugh.

"So you held the road agents up, eh?" he cried. "Say, you are all right!"

"Yes; good as wheat."

"You certainly are!"

Bob glanced at the sun. It was sinking low in the west.

"How far is it to Silverton?" he asked.

"About four miles."

"Well, I want to get there before dark, if possible, so I guess I will travel along."

"Very well; we will see you there, likely, to-night or to-morrow."

"How did you know the road agents were up here?" Bob asked.

"They held up the stage two or three hours ago. The matter was reported to us, and we came to see if we could find them."

"I see; well, good-by."

"Good-by."



Bob set out down the trail, whistling. It seemed that he was happy.

"A clever young fellow that!" mused the trooper, gazing after the youth.

Bob walked rapidly and got over the ground at a good rate of speed.

The sun was down before he had gone a mile, however.

"It will be dark by the time I have gone another mile," was his thought. "Then I will be only about half-way to Silverton. Oh, well, it can't be helped. I only hope that I don't get off the trail and get lost."

It turned out that he was a good prophet.

It was dark before he had gone another mile.

He plodded onward, however, at as good a pace as was possible.

On he went, and when he had gone about a mile farther he caught sight of a light ahead of him and a little to one side.

"A miner's cabin, likely," was his thought.

He began to debate with himself whether or not he should ask for lodgings for the night.

"No, I guess I will not stop," he decided; "it can't be much farther to Silverton, and I'll go on."

Just as he came opposite to the cabin the outlines of which he could just make out in the darkness, he heard a noise within as would be made by the upsetting of a chair, followed by a cry in a feminine voice, of—

"Help! Help!"

"Great guns! Somebody in trouble!" murmured Bob. "I'll have to see what is going on!" and he made a dash for the cabin.

Reaching it, he threw the door open and leaped inside.

### CHAPTER III.

#### BOB PROTECTS A GIRL.

The sight that met Bob Hardy's gaze was one well-calculated to arouse his anger.

A big, burly man had hold of a girl of perhaps sixteen or seventeen years and was shaking her roughly.

"Talk sassy ter me, will ye?" hissed the man, as Bob entered. "Waal, I'll shake yer teeth out, ye hussy ye!" and again he shook the girl.

Bob was indeed angry.

"Let go of that girl, you big brute!" he cried.

Both looked around; they had not known of the newcomer's presence until now.

A little exclamation of joy escaped the girl's lips; one of anger came from the man.

"Whut did ye say?" he asked.

"I said let go of that girl!" sternly.

The ruffian—such he evidently was—stared. Then he showed his teeth in a vicious grin.

"Say, d'ye know who this gal is?" he asked.

"I do not."

"Waal, I'll tell ye: She's my darter."

"I am not!" the girl cried. "I am not related to him at all."

"I was just going to tell him that he was a liar," said Bob, coolly.

"Her mother wuz my wife; don' thet make 'er my darter?" queried the ruffian.

"Not necessarily," the youth replied. "She might be your stepdaughter, though."

"That is it, sir," the girl said. "But I am not of his blood at all—and I'm glad of it."

"I should think you would be, miss."

"See heer," snarled the man, "ye're too sassy altogether."

"Is that so?"

"Yaas."

"I can't help it; it's a way I have. But, come, are you going to release the girl?"

"When I git red dy!"

"Well, get ready right away."

"I hain't in no hurry."

"You had better be. Let go, do you hear?"

"Say, blast yer hide, d'ye know who I am?"

"No; and I don't care."

"I'm Bill Bunker, ther worst man in these heer mountings."

"You look it," coolly.

"Whut's thet!" angrily.

"I say that you certainly look it. I can readily believe that what you say is true. But are you going to let go of the girl?"

"Am I," the ruffian said, with a leer; "waal, I reckon I am, an' d'ye know why?"

"Because I told you to."

The man laughed loudly.

"Haw, haw, haw! Ye're wrong," he said; "I'm goin' ter let go uv ther gal so's I kin take holt uv ye, see?"

"I wouldn't advise you to try to take hold of me."

"Oh, wouldn't ye?" sneeringly.

"No."

"Waal, I hain't axin' yer advice on ther subjeck." He let go his hold on the girl and went on: "Ye see? Now, look out fur yer self, young feller! I never let nobuddy interfere with me without givin' 'im er lickin'."

He started toward the young stranger, but paused suddenly and glared in amazement, not unmixed with consternation.

There was good reason for this. Bob had just drawn a revolver from his pocket and leveled it.

The girl hastened to place the table between herself and the ruffian, and then she sat down before her with eager gaze.

For a few moments Bill Bunker glared at the youth, and then he snarled out:

"Put down thet revolver!"

The young man shook his head.

"Can't do it, Bill," he said.

"Ef ye don' I'll take et erway frum ye, an' I'll gi' ye twicet ez hard er lickin' arter thet."

(To be continued.)



## TIMELY TOPICS

Thirty days is the average life of the American flag which flies over the Statehouse at Columbus, Ohio. At the beginning of every month a new flag is raised on the pole on the Statehouse dome and at the end of each month the flag is torn to shreds by the wind. The flags cost \$1.50 apiece retail, but the Adjutant-General's office buys them in wholesale lots at reduced prices.

The statements so often repeated that a Jap will fight for twenty-four hours on a ration of two or three beans and a sip of tea, has been at last explained. The Japanese bean is not the common horticultural bean with which our gardeners are acquainted, but a vegetable often a yard in length, and large enough to fill a quart measure. A single bean makes a meal for a hungry ploughman.

Prisoners in the national penitentiaries of Peru may now be employed in labor outside the prison enclosures, pursuant to a law just passed. Prior to the adoption of this law the following strange announcement might be seen on the front door of the national prison at Lima: "Laborers wanted." The warden of the prison wished to have the exterior walls of the place cleaned up, but could not employ the numerous prisoners within the walls on the work, as it was against the law.

The hickory log in an open hearth fire may be a thing of history in Ohio, but something akin to it is evident in Wooster just now, where wood is becoming a competitor of coal. Abnormally high coal prices have given the farmer an opening and many owners with large timber lots are hauling wood to Wooster, where the city man is buying it to burn in stove or furnace. Wood is selling at \$2 to \$3 a load, and the claim is made that a load of wood such as the farmers deliver will produce nearly as many heat units as a ton of coal.

Speaking of the wonderful activity in British shipyards, the Engineer of London, states that the number of new vessels built during the war almost passes belief. If owners of shipyards had been asked three years ago what their maximum possible output would be, their estimate would have been 100 per cent. below the mark. "Twenty months ago," says the Engineer, "the designs of two great ships were merely under discussion. To-day, they are practically completed. Docks are being finished years before their time; factories are being erected cranes built; hulls lengthened or built entirely new; and all things that ships need to maintain them are being pushed forward with astonishing rapidity."

This new means of communication is soon to be realized on the craft engaged in New York harbor service for the Lehigh Valley Railroad. It is planned to equip the pilot-house of each tug with a standard telephone instrument, so that the captain can get in touch with the tug dispatcher the moment the tug touches one of the company's piers, over a private wire leased by the railroad. Cut-in boxes are now being installed on the end of each of the Lehigh Valley piers in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and the Bronx. Connections between the cut-in boxes and the telephone apparatus aboard the tugs will be made by flexible cables, with the same facility as the tying up of a boat to the pier.

The foot bayonet is one of the latest weapons to be devised for use in modern warfare, as well as for the protection of hunters and others. It was invented by a Brooklynite, and consists of a steel blade 7 inches long and 1½ inches wide, which by means of clamps and straps can be attached in a very few seconds. It slants upward at a slight angle and so does not interfere seriously with walking. Especially when worn by cavalymen, says Popular Mechanics, it can be employed to good advantage. It is also intended as a weapon of defense for a hunter in case of an attack by a wild beast. It is the inventor's idea that a man's kick is quite as powerful a means of offense as a thrust of the fist, and that if the foot is properly armed it can be made very effective. The weapon weighs a pound.

Soldiers of the Turkish army in Syria are dying from typhus fever at the rate of 1,000 a day, according to a dispatch from that country forwarded through Port Said and given out by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. In addition to the famine from which the people of Syria are long reported to have been suffering, epidemics of both typhus fever and cholera are sweeping over that country, the dispatch says. "The typhus fever is a sudden, fatal kind which spreads so rapidly that many houses swiftly are depopulated by it," reads the message. "Its havoc among the troops is indescribable, as many as 1,000 dying in a day. It is not confined to any one region, but extends from Aleppo (on the northern border of the Arabian desert) to the Arish river, on the Egyptian border." The committee announced that it has increased its orders for drugs and chemical supplies to be sent on the naval collier *Cæsar*, leaving this country for Beirut about December 20, but adds that there is imperative need of the speedy sending of more adequate material with which to fight the epidemics.



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

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## Good Current News Articles

Snoodles, a six-months'-old cat, owned by Dr. Fred Bettle of Holbrook, Mass., assistant in the dental laboratory of Mayor John S. Burbank, has a gold crown on one of her teeth. Snoodles is half Angora and half Maltese. She broke off the top of her tooth and had been much troubled by it. The cat submitted to the operation without struggling.

Even a cork leg is a blessing rather than a handicap at times. Miss Mary De Friest, of Los Angeles, Cal., is alive because Howard C. Creighton, a Civil War veteran, who was fishing on the bank of the Sacramento river when the girl's boat overturned, unstrapped his artificial limb and threw it to her, keeping the girl afloat until Creighton's son could rescue her.

A coat that was made by a former President of the United States, stitch by stitch and seam by seam, is proudly shown by Major H. T. Blacknall of Chicago. Ninety-four years ago a then illiterate youth of twenty made the coat in a little tailor shop in Raleigh, N. C., for Gen. McClanahan. Years later the tailor boy became President. His name was Andrew Johnson. Blacknall married McClanahan's daughter and thus has inherited the coat.

A farmer near Federalsburg, Ill., has a hen that hatched eleven chickens and two woodpeckers. The hen was missing for some time, having a hidden nest. When found she was mothering the chickens and birds. The little woodpeckers seem content to let the hen scratch worms for them, and the hen pays as much attention to them as she does to the chickens. It is believed the woodpecker eggs were laid in the nest when the hen was feeding.

The twenty-fourth annual six-day bike race to be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, December 17 to 23, will be under the personal direction

of John M. Chapman. Mr. Chapman has been affiliated with the bike game for the past fifteen years, and has supervised the running of six-day races all over the country since the death of Floyd McFarland. This year's event at the Garden will eclipse any of the previous races in regard to the finish and nightly thrills, according to plans now being completed by the management, which will be announced in a few days. Freddie Hill, of Boston, was the first star to send in his entry. He will be paired with Peter Drobach. Hill and Grenda won last year's event, while Drobach took second money with Iver Lawson the previous year. Other cracks to send in their entry blanks are Eddie Root, Bobby Walthour, Clarence Carman, Jimmy Moran, Iver Lawson, Harry Kaiser, George Cameron, George Wiley, Tom Bello and Hans Ohrt, former amateur champion.

## Grins and Chuckles

Visitor—Why did you give up that fashionable doctor you had? Widow—I found his bills relieved me more than his medicines!

The Summer Man—Anything worth catching in that lake? Hotel Proprietor—Well, rather! There are four heiresses in bathing right now!

Cynthia—Oh, what a world this is for a woman; I do wish the Lord had made me a man! Molly—Why, my dear, maybe he did and you just haven't found him yet.

Wagg—It will be a great thing for the youngsters when we get airships going. Wigg—How so? Wagg—Why, when a boy gets caught in a cherry tree he can explain to the farmer that he fell overboard.

"I'm afraid," said the junior member of the law firm, "that we are causing our client unnecessary trouble." "Oh, that's all right," rejoined the senior member. "We'll charge him for it."

Agent—I have come to deliver your book on "How to Play the Piano." Lady—But I didn't order any such book. Agent (consulting his notebook)—Have you a neighbor named Jones? Lady—Yes. Is it for her? Agent—No; she ordered it for you."

Teacher (junior grammar class)—Johnny, what gender is "phonograph"? Johnny—Feminine gender. Teacher—No, no; it's neuter. Johnny—Well, it ought to be feminine 'cause it repeats everything it hears.

"I guess we're going to be fed by electricity hereafter," said the thin boarder. "What are you talking about," said the fat one. "Why, the electric light man was here to-day, and I heard him say he was going to put in a feed wire."



## A SILENT AVENGER

By D. W. Stevens

The author of this sketch once had an experience during the anti-rent troubles in this country which is well worth making a note of.

The early settlers of the State of New York, particularly that region in the neighborhood of Albany, had in many instances given leases of farms running ninety-nine years, and renewable if desired.

At the end of that time the descendants of the original lessees, claiming that their long tenure had entitled them to ownership, refused in many instances to give up the property or to take a new lease.

Gottlieb Vanderdonk was one of the original Dutch settlers, and, having considerably more land than he knew what to do with, had it surveyed, staked out in lots or farms of fifty acres each, built a road through his tract, established a settlement, and leased his small farms.

They were let out at a trifling rent on ninety-nine year leases, and even before the old man's death had greatly increased in value.

Ninety-nine years passed by, and Edward Davenport owned a number of valuable farms, for which he received an annual rental vastly incommensurate with their actual worth.

Notwithstanding this, many of his tenants claimed that the farms belonged to them, and would neither give them up nor take out a new lease.

Mr. Davenport maintained a firm stand, and the consequence was that the hot-heads threatened his life.

There was one brutal sort of fellow living on one of the richest farms owned by Davenport, which had come down from his ancestors, and for which he had paid no rent for twenty years.

When Davenport claimed his rent, this man swore that he would never pay it, that the farm was his, and that he would like to see any one take it away from him.

He was one of the loudest blusterers of the lot, and made the most vindictive speeches at the anti-rent meeting, having a large following of just such fellows as himself.

Public opinion was not entirely in accord with these rioters, although there were a great many of them, and the better disposed portion of the community half resolved to put a stop to their excesses.

I was in the neighborhood at that time, Davenport being a warm personal friend of mine, and I determined to give him all the assistance that lay in my power toward punishing the malcontents.

Bunning, the man who gave Davenport the most trouble, I had seen several times, and was not struck at all favorably by his appearance.

He was thick-set, had a bull neck, coarse features, gruff voice, rude manner, and an entire lack of refinement, was a perfect boor, in fact, and a

man that one would naturally distrust upon first sight.

He had a son that was very much the same sort of a person in a minor degree as his father, and the two were the most bitter anti-renters in the whole neighborhood.

One day Davenport asked me to go up into the woods with him and have some sport, there being some fine shooting, and the season having just begun.

There were three of us, all told, Davenport, his son, and myself, and we started out in the best of spirits, never anticipating any trouble.

We spent the afternoon in sport, and enjoyed ourselves immensely, bagging considerable game, and never thinking of returning until it began to grow dark.

At last we started, Davenport ahead, and Charlie and myself following behind.

Davenport was several paces ahead of us, and had entered an open place in the woods, where the path widened, when we suddenly heard him utter a cry of alarm.

He had come opposite to a large stump, when a man's head and shoulders suddenly appeared above it, and a gun was pointed at his heart.

He started back in surprise, and seemed utterly overcome, and at that moment young Davenport and myself came in sight.

There were two men, the one with the gun being roughly clad in a coarse, checkered coat, a heavy slouched hat on his head, and his face entirely concealed by a mask of calico.

The other was roughly dressed, carried a stout cudgel, and wore a wig, the hair falling thick around his face, which was painted a fierce red in order to prevent recognition.

The truth flashed upon me at once—the men were anti-renters, and intended to murder the daring landlord.

I shouted out a warning, and we both dashed forward, our weapons in our hands.

There was a flash and a report, a stifled cry, and Davenport fell upon his face in the path, shot down by the assassin.

Charlie fired a shot at the two men, who turned and fled upon our approach.

The bullet struck the larger man in the arm and tore away a fragment of his coat-sleeve, which Charlie picked up and carefully preserved.

We dared not follow the villains while our companion lay wounded, perhaps dying, in the path, and consequently we had to let them escape, and turned our attention to Davenport.

He had received a bad hurt, and was even then in a dying state, having barely five minutes to live.

"I've been done for, Charlie," he said to his son, "and by that scoundrel——" Here his voice broke down. "Follow him up and bring him to punishment."

"Who was the man?" I asked, for neither of us had recognized him in his disguise.



"I knew him at once," said the dying man. "I saw his wicked eye fixed upon me. He has done his work, but my death shall not go unavenged. Promise me that he shall be punished."

"Yes, yes, he shall be," I said; "but his name—who is he?"

"A tenant of mine. You know him well enough, man; he's one of the——" A severe coughing fit here interrupted him. "Why, why, he's that miserable old——"

His mouth filled with blood, his head fell backward, his eyes became glassy and stared fixedly at me for a moment, then the lids closed slowly, there were one or two convulsive movements, and he was dead.

His secret had perished with him, and the task before me was rendered ten times as difficult as it might have been had he lived another minute.

Young Davenport and I took the body home and prepared it for burial, the neighbors being very indignant over the cold-blooded murder of a man universally beloved.

The funeral was largely attended, and many were the threats uttered against the unknown assassins; and I believe if it had been known then who they were that their lives would have been forfeited in very short order.

I suspected that Dunning and his son had committed the crime, as they were the most vindictive enemies that Davenport had, and had threatened his life more than once; but in a community as peculiarly situated as this one was, I knew the task of bringing the villains to justice would be a hard one, even had I discovered beyond a doubt who the men were.

After the first excitement there came a revulsion of feeling, and the people did not seem to care anything about the murder, or whether the assassins were captured, any more than to look out for themselves, perhaps.

A meeting of anti-renters was to take place in the woods the next day, and thither I went in disguise, thinking that I might find some clue to the villains.

The place of rendezvous was crowded, and a more villainous lot of men I never beheld at one time in all my life, the majority of them being disguised, many as Indians, and some in nondescript costumes unlike anything in heaven or on earth.

I pushed my way into the crowd, while a big, red-faced man was making an incendiary speech, and presently met with a decided surprise.

Standing in front of me was a man with a large, checkered coat, one sleeve of which was torn, and a big slouched hat and calico mask.

It was the man who had killed Davenport in the woods two days before, and evidently had no fear of the law in his mind, as he had taken no pains to change his disguise.

Beside him was the other figure, the man with the cudgel and painted face, his companion upon that occasion.

In pushing through the crowd, I trod on the first man's foot, and he turned upon me with an angry remark, flashing his serpent-like eyes upon me, and clenching his fist.

The man was Dunning!

I recognized his baleful glance, despite the mask, and was satisfied from what Davenport had said before he died that here was the murderer.

The man with him was his son, beyond a doubt, as they always went together, and were equally dangerous in character.

After one or two more fiery speeches Dunning himself mounted the platform, and made the most rabid speech I had ever listened to.

"What business have they to claim our farms, upon which we have poured the sweat of our hands and our hearts' blood?" he roared. "Drive the invaders out, that's what we want to do. Follow my lead, kill your tyrants, and put an end to the business. Who killed Davenport? I did, and I am glad of it. Do likewise, and you will all be free."

There was a tremendous shouting and cheering, the men seeming to be in entire sympathy with the murderer.

While the man was gesticulating and talking boisterously I heard a sharp report, saw a slight puff of smoke, and then came the whizzing of a bullet.

Dunning suddenly stopped, clapped his hand to his head, tore away the mask, and fell forward like a log.

When those nearest him picked him up they found a small round hole, the outlines of a bluish color, in the middle of the man's forehead.

Some silent avenger had marked the man for his victim, and his work had been done only too surely.

I could imagine only one person that was capable of doing this summary act of justice, and that was Charlie Davenport. He was the silent avenger beyond a doubt.

The meeting was soon afterward broken up, and the subsequent ones were not so public, the malcontents not relishing the idea of having their own weapons turned against them.

I found Charlie at home, much to my surprise, and told him what had happened.

"Serves him right," was all he said, and I could get nothing else out of him.

The land question was subsequently settled, as every sensible man knew it would be, in the only way possible, and the existing events of the time were after a little forgotten, but I am satisfied to this day that it was Charlie Davenport who thus summarily avenged his father's murder, though he never either denied or confessed it.

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Miss Boston—They say she's extremely haughty. Miss Tours—I should say so! The last time I saw her she went sailing down the street in—— Miss Boston—Pardon me; why do you use that sensible expression? How could she go "sailing" down the street? Miss Tours—Easy enough. I saw her last in Venice.



## ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

### LAD KILLS DEER.

The youngest deer hunter in Nevada County is an eight-year-old boy, whose name is Augustin McGlone. His home is at Sweetland, Cal., where he lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McGlone. He was in the hills with a .22 caliber rifle and saw a four-pointer spring out of the brush. The animal was facing him and he shot quickly, striking the buck in the eye. The deer dropped and the lad ran home for help to bring his prize in.

### TURTLE SNAPS OFF HIS NOSE.

Because he became inquisitive and wanted to see where a turtle put its head when it drew back into its shell, Gustave Gustafson, a Swede, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is minus his nose. The turtle popped out its head and snapped off the Swede's nose when he was peering into the head end of the shell. Gustafson purchased the turtle, an eight-pounder, from a fish dealer in Homestead, and was going home when the accident occurred.

### \$670 FOR HAWAIIAN STAMP.

The highest price paid this season for a postage stamp at public sale was given recently at the Collectors' Club, New York, when a professor of Yale University paid \$670 for one of the famous missionary stamps of Hawaii, issued in 1851. It was of the 5-cent variety, blue, and was canceled in red, leaving the design much clearer than is usually the case with the customary black cancellation. In perfect condition, the stamp is valued in the standard catalogues at \$1,000.

J. C. Morgenthau, who did not care to give the buyer's name, said it was the first time in this country that this variety of the Hawaiian Missionary stamp had been sold at auction. Another high price, at the same sale, was \$205 paid for a particularly fine copy of the United States proprietary revenue \$5 stamp of the 1871 issue. This is the highest price at which a copy of that value has ever sold for at auction.

### NOTES FROM GUAM.

Frogs and toads are to be introduced into the island to eat the snails which spread cattle diseases.

The Government has offered bounties for the killing of rats and iguanas, 3 and 5 cents respectively, payable in cash, rice or sheet tin suitable for attaching to cocoanut trees for rat protection.

On July 10, says the Governor's report to the Secretary of the Navy, a party of savages landed from a small boat on the north coast of Guam, but before the lookout could reach them the party left.

It was believed that they were Caroline Islanders on a tribute collecting expedition.

Cocoanut trees in schoolyards are disapproved of, as the fruit falls on the pupils.

The first murder in Guam of an enlisted man occurred in June, when a native seaman killed a marine at Asan. The murderer was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The civilian population of Guam is 14,142, including 57 Americans and 150 others of foreign birth. There are 651 persons in the naval establishment.

### A SUBSTITUTE FOR FRENCH BRIER.

The constantly increasing difficulty of obtaining the necessary amount of so-called French brier from southern Europe for the manufacture of smoke pipes is caused not so much by the restrictions placed on the export of this wood as it is by the growing scarcity in the region of its growth. The value of brier wood shipped to the United States increased over 150 per cent. in 1914, which may be attributed to the fact that the sources of supply are very limited. French brier is the root and not the trunk of a plant that is not only small but grows very slowly, and, in consequence, large tracts of land are necessary for obtaining the needed supplies. The endeavors to overcome the present scarcity of this European product, by using quick-growing woods with nearly similar properties, have at least been partly successful through the utilization of domestic woods which are not only cheaper but also more plentiful. The native woods first used for making pipes successfully on a large scale were the mountain laurel and the rhododendron. Both of these plants have very large roots considering the size of the stems and crowns.

There seems likely, however, to be a demand in the near future for other woods for making smoke pipes. Apple wood and to a lesser extent black or wild cherry wood are used, but they burn out more rapidly than the mountain laurel and rhododendron. Recent experiments have been conducted with wild cherry and hard maple, and it is claimed that the latter wood stands up successfully as a substitute for French brier. In this connection the Hardwood Record states that the maple pipe will color like the best meerschaum, and, being a sweet, absorbent wood, absorbs all the juices as well as a clay pipe would do, but it is without the unpleasant taste of a clay pipe. As it is free from oils, it is never bitter, and is not as liable to burn or check as the brier. It may, however, burn if smoked in a gale. Another thing in favor of maple is that no putty has to be placed in it to stop holes, because there are no holes to stop.



## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### TREE FULL OF HONEY.

A large tree was cut by Frank Harris at the foot of the Tuscarora Mountain, near his home, at Charleston, W. Va. It was a large hollow pine and was packed full of honey. The largest comb was nine and a half feet long. In some places it was four inches thick. The tree contained nine large pails of choice honey.

### HEN GOBBLES PEARL.

Mrs. Lettie Trapp of Portland, Ore., has a valued pet hen named Clarice. The other day as Mrs. Trapp was feeding her fowls, Clarice leaped affectionately up to her shoulder, spied a valuable pearl in Mrs. Trapp's earring, gobbled it and leaped down again, gulping. Mrs. Trapp screamed, first with pain as the pearl was wrenched away, and then with horror at her loss. She caught Clarice and imprisoned her, but could not make up her mind to have the pet despatched so that the jewel could be recovered.

### CODFISH SINKS A VESSEL.

A cargo of dried codfish that swelled when the schooner Ponhook shipped water, opened the schooner's seams and sank it, according to the crew of the Norwegian steamship Kronstad, which arrived at Galveston, November 25.

The Kronstad, two days out from the Azores, sighted the Ponhook in a sinking condition and rescued her crew on the night of October 30 in a heavy sea. The Ponhook was enroute from St. Johns for Gibraltar. Captain Doyle and the seven men of the Ponhook were landed at Punta Del Grado, Azores.

### \$150 TO EARN 80 CENTS.

When the railway officials at Sedalia, Mo., were notified that the cornerstone for the new Christian Church, which had been delivered to the depot at Boonville had not been taken away, a work train crew, one car and engine, were ordered to deliver the stone at Fayette at once, a distance of twelve miles.

A gang of 200 men working at Huntsdale were stopped three hours while the stone was being delivered, and it is estimated that the delivery cost the railroad at least \$150, while the freight bill amounted to 80 cents.

### TOOLS EGYPTIANS USED.

Stone implements and household tools, estimated to be 40,000 years old, forming part of a collection owned by Meremphah, son and successor to Rameses the Great, 1,200 years before Christ, have been unearthed in the prehistoric monarch's palace at Memphis, ancient capital of Egypt.

Advices telling of these important discoveries have reached the university museum in Philadelphia from Dr. Clarence S. Fisher, leader of the Eckley B. Coxe, Jr., expedition to Egypt.

In a full report, Dr. Fisher describes wandering through the capacious halls of the great palace that for centuries lay buried in ancient Memphis. Gold ornaments, scarabs, vessels of various kinds and vases were found intact, just as they must have been when the lords of those days departed.

Many of the relics found, says Dr. Fisher, date back to the Stone Age. Traces of a fire that must have ravished the palace are found on every side, according to the archæologist.

### NOVEL METHODS OF RECRUITING.

The War Department is making strenuous efforts to recruit the army in accordance with laws enacted at the last session of Congress, and some novel methods have been put into operation. The failure to get as many men as was expected is accounted for by officials of the Department by the wave of prosperity that is going over the country, whereby men have obtained positions easily and at good salaries.

To meet the demands for the present and the immediate future, the recruiting service must be capable, it is said, of furnishing annually an average of one recruit per thousand of population. Officials of the War Department say that this can only be accomplished by canvassing every accessible locality in the United States, and establishing, through the aid of the available postmasters, sub-agencies. The postmasters are to be allowed a fee of \$5 for each recruit enlisted through their good offices.

While the present organization of the recruiting service is considered satisfactory, the time has come to establish definite limits to each district, not only to facilitate the work through the 65,000 postmasters, but also to give each recruiting officer exact information as to the outlying areas for which he is responsible. Hereafter, without lessening the efforts that have heretofore been taken to procure recruits in the cities and large towns, special additional effort is to be made thoroughly to comb all the rural sections. This can be done effectively only by securing the co-operation of the postmasters of the United States.

Under the law authorizing furlough to the reserve after one year's service, any young man who meets the requirements for enlistment may receive, without expense to himself, a training and discipline of much greater value than that which thousands of business men and students all over the country have been willing to take at their own expense at Plattsburg and other training stations.



**CUFF BUTTONS.**

Gold plated, bright finished, assorted shapes, set with fine brilliants. Price 10c postpaid.

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**LAUGHING CAMERA.**

Everybody grotesquely photographed; stout people look thin, and vice versa.

Price, 25c. postpaid.

Wolff Novelty Co., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

**FUNNY KISSING GAME.**

These cards, from No. 1 to No. 16, run in rotation, but must be mixed and dealt, a white one for a boy and a red one for a girl. They are then read alternately, and the questions and answers make funny combinations. The right lady is rewarded with a kiss. A very funny game. Price, five cents a pack by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

**GAME OF GOLD HUNTERS.**

The game consists of matching cards. There is an odd card. The unlucky one holding it must ride the rest of the players on his back around the room or sidewalk. Very funny. Price, five cents a pack by mail.

Wolff Novelty Co., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

**SNAPPER CIGAR.**

The real thing for the cigar grafter. If you smoke you must have met him. He sees a few choice cigars in your pocket and makes no bones about asking you for one. You are all prepared for him this time. How? Take one of these cigar snappers (which is so much like a real cigar you are liable to smoke it yourself by mistake). Bend the spring back towards the lighted end, and as you offer the cigar let go the spring and the victim gets a sharp, stinging snap on the fingers. A sure cure for grafters. Price, by mail, ten cents each, or, three for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

**FORTUNE TELLING CARDS.**

The most comical fortune telling cards ever issued. Every one a joke that will arouse screams of laughter. They are shuffled, and one is drawn—red for ladies, white for gentlemen. On the drawn card is a mirth-provoking picture, and a few words revealing your fortune. Price, five cents a pack by mail.

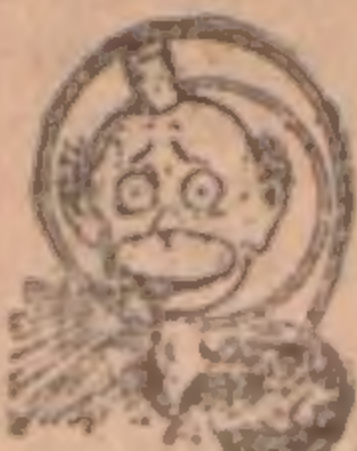
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

**NAIL PUZZLE.**

Made of 2 metal nails linked together. Keeps folks guessing; easy to take them apart when you know how. Directions with every one.

Price, 6c., postpaid.

Wolff Novelty Co., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

**HAPPY HOOLIGAN JOKER.**

With this joker in the lapel of your coat, you can make a dead shot every time. Complete with rubber ball and tubing. Price, 15c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. Lang.

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**THE SPOTTER CARD TRICK.**

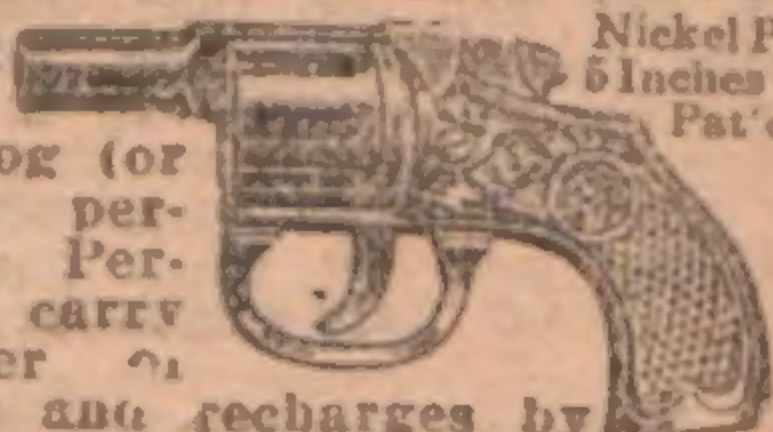
The performer exhibits a die. The ace of spades and five cards are now taken from a pack. The ace of spades is thoroughly shuffled with the other cards, which are then placed down in a row on the table. The die is now thrown, and as if embodied with superhuman intelligence, the exact position of the Ace is indicated. Without touching the die, the performer picks up the cards, gives them a complete shuffle and again spreads them out. The die is rolled as before by any person, and is seen to come to a stop with the locating number uppermost. The card is turned over and found to correspond in position. Price, 15c. postpaid.

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